

A Tricke to Catch the Old-one.

As it hath beene often in Action, both
at Paules, and the Black-
Fryers.

*Presented before his Maestie on
New-yeares night last.*

Composde by T.M



AT LONDON.
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A

to the Garden

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A Trick to catch the old one.

Enter Witt-good a Gentleman, solus.

Witt-good.



LL's gone! still thou'rt a Gentleman, that's all; but a poore one, that's nothing: What Milke brings thy Meadows forth now? where are thy goodly Vp-lands and thy Downe-lands, all sunck into that little pitte Lecherie? why should a Gallant pay but two shillings for his Ordinary that nourishes him, and twenty times two for his Brothell that consumes him? but where's Long-acre? in my Vncles conscience, which is 3. yeares voyage about; he that setts out vpon his conscience, nere finds the way home againe, he is either swallowed in the quick-sands of Law-quillits, or splits vpo the Piles of a Præmunire; yet these old Foxe-braind—and oxe-browde Vncles, haue still defences for their Auarice, and Apologies for their practises, and will thus greete our follies.

*Hee that doth his youth expose;
To Brothell, drinke, and danger,
Let him that is his neereſt Kinne,
Cheate him before a ſtranger.*

And that's his Vncle, 'tis a principle in Vſury; I dare not viſite the Cittie, there I ſhould bee too ſoone viſited, by that horrible plague my Debrs, and by that meanes I looſe a Virgins loue, her portion and her Vertues, well, how ſhould a man liue now, that ha's no liuing; hum? why are there not a mil'ion of men in the world, that onely ſoiourne vpon their braine, and make their wittes their Mercers; and am I but one amongst that Million and cannot thrue vpon't; any Trick out of the compaſſe of Lawe now, would come happily to me.

Enter Curtizan.

Curt. My loue,

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Cur. My lothing; halt thou beene the secret consumption of my purse? and now comst to vndo my last meanes, my wits? wilt leaue no vertue in me and yet thou perē the better? hence Cur- tizan, round webd *Tarantula*.

That dryest the Roses in the cheekes of youth.

Cur. I haue beene true vnto your pleasure, and all your lands thrice rackt; was neuer worth the Jewell which I prodigally gaue you, my virginity;

Lands morgag'd may returne and more esteemde,

But honestly once pawnd, is nere redcemd.

Wit. For giue I do thee wrong,

To make thee sinne, and then to chide thee for.

Cur. I know I am your loathing now, farewell.

Wit. Stay best inuention,--stay.

Cur. I that haue beene the secret consumption of your purse, shall I stay now to vndo your last meanes, your wits? hence, Curtizan away.

Wit. I prethee, make me not mad at my owne weapon; stay, (a thing few women can do, I know that, and therefore they had need weare stayes;) be not contrary, dost loue me?

Fate has so cast it that all my meanes I must deue from thee,

Cur. From me! be happy then,
What lies within the power of my performance,
Shall be commanded of thee.

Wit. Spoke like an honest drab ifaith, it may proue something: what Trick is not an *Embriou* at first, vntil a perfect shape come ouer it.

Cur. Come I must helpe you where abouts left you,
He proceed.

Tho you beget, tis I must helpe to breed,
Speake what ist, Ide faime conceaue it.

Wit. So, so, so, thou shalt presently take the name and forme vpon thee of a rich country widdow soure hundred a yeare va- liant, in Woods, in Bullocks, in Barnes and in Rye-stacks, weele to London, and to my conerous Vncle.

Curti.

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Curt. I begin to applaud thee, our States being both desperate, they are soone resolute, but how for horses?

Witt. Masse that's true; the best will bee of some continuance; let mee see, Horses now, a bottes on em; Stay, I have acquaintance with a madde Hoste, neuer yet Bawdē to thee, I haue rinzde the whoresong gums in Mull-sack many a time and often, put but a good Tale into his eare now, so it come off cleanly, and there's Horse and man for vs, I dare warrant thee.

Curt. Arme your wittes then speedily, there shall want nothing in mee, cyther in behaniour, discourse or fashion, that shall discredit your intended purpose.

I will so art-fully disguise my wants,
And set so good a courage on my state,
That I will be beleued.

Witt. Why then all's furnisht; I shall goe nigh to catch that olde Foxe mine Vncle, tho hee make but some amends for my vndooing, yet there's some comfort in't --- hee cannot otherwise choose (tho it bee but in hope to coozen mee agen) but supply any hastie want that I bring to towne with mee, the Deuice well and cunningly carryed, the name of a riche Widdow, and foure hundred a yeare in good earth, will so coniure vpa kinde of Vsurers loue in him to mee, that hee will not onely desire my presence, which at first shall scarce bee granted him, He keepe off a purpose, but I shall finde him so officious to deserue, so ready to supply, I know the state of an old mans affection so well, if his Nephew bee poore indeed, why hee lets God alone with him, but if hee be once rich, then heele bee the first man that helpes him.

Curt. Tis right the world, for in these dayes an olde mans loue to his kindred, is like his kindnesse to his wife, 'tis alwayes done before hee comes at it.

Witt. I owe thee for that best, bee gone, here's all my wealth; prepare thy selfe, away? I to mine Hoste with all possible hast, and with the best Art, & most profitable forme, powre the sweet
circum-

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... into his ears, which shall have the effect to turne all
... to hanny; how joyful the right worshipping Seniors of
... are

2. Whole that;

1. Oh the common Rioter, take no note of him.

Wife. You will not see me now, the comfort is ere it be long
you will scarce see your selues.

1. I wonder how hee breathes, ha's confun'd all vpon that
Cuttizan?

2. We haue heard so much.

1. You haue heard all truth, his Vncle and my Brother, haue
bene these three yeares mortall Aduersaries. Two old tough
fists, they seldome meete but fight, or quarrell when tis
calmest;

I thinke their anger bee the very fire
That keeps their age aliue;

2. What was the quarrell sir?

1. Faith about a purchase, fetching ouer a yong heire; Maister
Howd my brother hauing wasted much time in bearing the
hugayne, what did me old *Lucres*, but as his conscience mou'd
him, knowing the poore Gentleman, slept in betweene 'em and
coured him himselfe.

2. And was this all sir?

1. This was 'en it sir, yet for all this I know no reason but
the match might go forward betwixt his wifes Sonne and my
Niece, what tho there bee a diffention betwixt the two olde
men, I see no reason it should put a distance betwixt the
two yonger, tis as naturall for old folks to fall out, as for yong
to fall in? A scholler comes a wooing to my Niece, with her's
wife, but he's poore, her Sonne comes a wooing to my Niece,
well, hees a foole, but hees rich

2. I marry sir?

1. Pray how is not a rich foole better then a poore Philo-
sopher.

2. One would think so yfaith?

1. She now remaines at *London* with my brother her second
Vncle

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Vnde, to learne fashions, possesse Musicks; the voyce betweene
her lips, and the viol betweene her legges, shee le bee fitt for
a comfort very speedily, a thousand good pound is her portion,
if she marry, wee le ride vp and be merry,--

3. A match, if it be a match?

Exeunt.

*Enter at one doore, Witt-good, at the
other Host.*

Wit. Mine Host?

Host. Young maister *Wit-good.*

Wit. I haue beene laying all the Towne for thee.

Host. Why what's the newes Bully-Hadland?

Wit. What Geldings are in the house of thine owne? answer
me to that first.

Host. Why man, why?

Wit. Marke mee what I say, Ile tell thee such a tale in thine
eare, that thou shalt trust mee spite of thy teeth, furnish me with
some money, wille, nille, and ride vp with mee thy selfe *Contra
voluntatem et professionem.*

Host. How; let me see this trick, and Ile say thou hast more
Arte then a Coniurer.

Wit. Dooft thou ioy in my aduancement?

Host. Do I loue Sack and Ginger?

Wit. Comes my prosperitie desiredly to thee?

Host. Come forfeitures to a Vsurer, fees to an officer, punkes
to an Hostie, and Pigs to a Parson desiredly? why then la.

Wit. Will the report of a Widdow of foure hundred a yeare
boyc, make thee leape, and sing, and dance, and come to thy
place agen.

Host. Wilt thou command me now? I am thy spirit, coniuere
me into any shape.

Wit. I ha brought her from her friends, turnde backe the
Horses by a slight, not so much as one amongst her fixe men,
goodly large Yeomanly fellowes, will shee trust with this her
purpose: by this light all vnmand; regardlesse of her state, neg-
lectfull of vaine-glorious ceremonie, all for my loue; oh 'tis a

B

fine

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finelittle voluble young mine Hoste, that wins a widdow.

Host. No 'tis a young with a great T my boye that winnes a widdow.

Witt. Now sir, the case stands thus, good mine Host, if thou lou'st my happinesse assist me.

Host. Command all my beasts ith house.

Witt. Nay thats not all neither, prethee take truce with thy ioy, and listen to mee, thou know'st I haue a wealthy Vncle i'th Citty, some-what the wealthier by my follies; the report of this fortune well and cunningly carried, might be a meanes to drawe some goodnesse from the Vsuring Rascall, for I haue put her in hope already of some estate that I haue eyther in land or money: now if I be found true in neither, what may I expect but a suddaine breach of our loue, vtter dissolution of the match, and confusion of my fortunes for euer.

Host. Wilt thou but trust the managing of thy businesse with me?

Witt. With thee? why will I desire to thriue in my purpose? will I hugge foure hundred a yeare? I that know the misery of nothing? will that man with a riche widdow, that has nere a hole to put his head in? with thee mine Hoste, why belecue it, sooner with thee then with a Couy of Counsellors?

Host. Thanke you for your good report yfaith sir, and if I stand you not in steed, why then let an Hoste come off *his & her bestis*, a deadly enemy to Dice, Drinke, and Ventry; come where's this widdow?

Witt. Hard at Parke-end.

Host. Ile be her Seruing-man for once.

Witt. Why there wee let off together, keepe full time, my thoughts were striking then iust the same number.

Host. I knew't, shall we then see our merry dayes agen?

Witt. Our merry nights—which nere shall bee more scene.

Exeunt.

Enter.

THE OLD ONE.

*Enter at severall doores, old Lucie, and old Hoord,
Gentlemen comming betwene them,
to pacifie 'em.*

Lampr. Nay good Maister *Lucie*, and you Maister *Hoord*, anger is the winde which you're both too much troubled with-all.

Hoord. Shall my aduersary thus dayly afront mee, ripping vp the old wound of our malice, which three Summers could not close vp, into which wound the very fight of him, drops scalding Lead instead of Balsamum.

Luc. Why *Hoord*, *Hoord*, *Hoord*, *Hoord*, *Hoord*; may I not passe in the state of quietnesse to mine owne house, answer mee to that, before witnesse, and why? He referre the cause to honest euen-minded Gentlemen, or require the meere indifferences of the Lawe, to decide this matter, I got the purchase, true; was't not any mans case? yes, will a wile-man stand as a Bawd, whilst another wipes his nose of the bargaine, no, I answer no in that case.

Lampr. Nay sweet Maister *Lucie*.

Hoord. Was it the part of a friend: no, rather of a Iew, marke what I say, when I had beaten the bush to the last bird, or as I may terme it, the price to a pound, then like a cunning Vsurer to come in the euening of the bargaine, and gleane all my hopes in a minute, to enter as it were at the back-dooere of the purchase, for thou nere camst the right way by it.

Luc. Hast thou the conscience to tell mee so, without any impeachment to thy selfe?

Hoord. Thou that canst defeate thy owne Nephew, *Lucie*, lap his lands into bonds, and take the extremity of thy kindreds forfeitures because hee's a rioter, a wast-thrift, a brothell-maister, and so forth— what may a Stranger expect from thee, but *Vulnera delacerata*, as the Poet sayes, delacerate dealing?

Luc. Vpbraidst thou me with Nephew? is all imputation laid vpon me? what acquaintance haue I with his follyes, if hee riott, 'tis hee must want it, if hee surfer, 'tis hee must feele it:

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If he Doubt it, tis he must lye by't, what's this to me?

Hoord. What's all to thee? nothing, nothing; such is the gulf of thy desire, and the Wolfe of thy conscience, but be assured old pecunious lucre, if euer fortune so blesse me, that I may be at leisure to vex thee, or any meanes so fauour me, that I may haue oportunitie to mad thee, I will pursue it with that flame of hate, that spirit of malice, vnrepressed wrath, that I will blast thy comforts;

Lu. Ha, ha, ha!

Lamp. Nay maister *Hoord* you're a wise Gentleman.

Hoord. I will so crosse thee,

Luc. And I thee.

Hoord. So without mercy fret thee.

Luc. So monstrously oppose thee?

Hoord. Dooft scoffe at my iust anger? oh that I had as much power as vsury ha's ouer thee?

Luc. Then thou wouldst haue as much power as the deuill ha's ouer thee.

Hoord. Toade!

Luc. Aspick.

Hoord. Serpent.

Luc. Viper.

Spi. Nay Gentlemen, then we must diuide you perforce.

Lamp. When the fire growes too vnreasonable hotte, ther's no better way then to take of the wood. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sam and Monyloue.

Sam. A word good Signior.

Mony. How now, what's the newes?

Sam. Tis giuen mee to vnderstand, that you are a riuall of mine in the loue of Mistrisse *Ioyce*, maister *Hoords* Necte: say mee I, say me no.

Mony. Yes, tis so.

Sam. Then looke to your selfe, you cannot liue long, I'me practising euery morning, a moneth hence Ile challenge you.

Mony

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Many. Give mee your hand vpon't ther's my pledge Ile meete you? *Strikes him.* *Exit.*

Sam. Oh, oh—what reason had you for that fir to strike before the mouth, you knew I was not ready for you, and that made you so cranck, I am not such a toward to strike agen I warrant you, my eare has the lawe of her side for it burnes horribly, I will teach him to strike a naked face, the longest day of his life, slied it shall cost me some money, but Ile bring this boxe into the Chancery. *Exit.*

Enter Wit-good and the Host.

Host. Feare you nothing fir, I haue lodgd her in a house of credit I warrant you.

Witt. Hast thou the writings?

Host. Firme fir.

Witt. Prethee stay, and behold two the most prodigious rascals that euer slipt into the shape of men, *Dampis* firrah, and young *Gulfe*, his fellow Cater-piller.

Host. *Dampis*? sure I haue heard of that *Dampis*.

Witt. Heard of him? why man he that ha's lost both his eares, may heare of him, a famous infamous Tranpler of time; his owne phraze: note him well, that *Dampis* firrah, hee in the vn-cuen Beard; and the Serge cloake, is the most notorious, vsur-ing, blasphemous, Atheistlicall, Brothell, vomiting rascall, that wee haue in these latter times now extant, whose first beginning was the stealing of a mastie Dogge from a Farmers house.

Host. Hee lookt as if hee would obey the commandement well, when he began first with stealing.

Witt. True, the next Towne he came at, hee set the Dogs together by'th eares.

Host. A signe he should follow the law by my faith.

Witt. So it followed indeed, and beeing destitute of all fortunes, stake his Mastie against a Noble, and by great fortune his Dogge had the day, how hee made it vp ten shillings I know not, but his owne boast is, that hee came to towne but

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with ten shillings in his purse, and now is credibly worth tenn thousand pound?

Hos. How the deuill came he by it?

Wit. How the deuill came he not by it, if you put in the deuill once riches come with a vengeance, has beene a Trampler of the Law fir, and the deuill has a care of his footemen, the Roague has spied me now, hee nibled me finely once too; a poxe search you, oh maister *Dampit*, the very Loynes of thee; crie you mercie maister *Gulfe*, you walke so lowe I promise you I sawe you not fir?

Gulfe. Hee that walkes lowe walkes safe, the Poets tell vs.

Wit. And nyer hell by a foote and a halfe then the rest of his fellowes, but my old *Harry*.

Damp. My sweete *Theodorus*?

Wit. Twas a merry world when thou cam'st to towne with ten shillings in thy purse.

Damp. And now worth ten thousand pound my Boye, report it, *Harry Dampit*, a trampler of time, say, hee would bee vp in a morning, and be here with his Serge Gowne, dasht vp to the hams in a cause, haue his feete stincke about *Westminster* hall and come home agen, see the Gallecons, the Galleasses the great Armadoes of the Lawe, then there bee Hoyes and pettie vessells, Owens and Scullers of the time, there bee picklocks of the Time too, then would I bee here, I would trample vp and downe like a Mule; now to the Iudges, may it please your reuerend-honorable father-hoods: then to my Counsellor, may it please your worshipfull patience, then to the examiners Office, may it please your Maistershippes Gentleness, then to one of the Clarkes, may it please your worshipfull Lowziness, for I finde him scrubbing in his codpeice, then to the hall agen, then to the Chamber agen;

Wit. And when to the sellar agen?

Damp. E'en when thou wilt agen; Trampers of time, Motions of Flette-streete, and Visions of Holborne, here I haue
foes

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fees of one, there I haue fees of another, my clients come about me, the Fooli-aiminy and Cockf-combri of the Country, I still trasht and trotted for other mens causes, thus was poore Harry *Dampit* made rich by others lazinesse, who, tho they would not follo y their owne Suites, I made e'm follow mee with their purses.

Wit. Did'st thou so old Harry?

Damp. I, and I souc'st e'm with bills of Charges ifayth, twentie pound a yeare haue I brought in for boate-hire, and I nere stept into boate in my life.

Wit. Trampers of time.

Dampit. I, Trampers of time, Rakalls of time, Bulbeg-gars:

Wit. Ah thou'rt a mad old Harry? kinde Maister *Gulfe*, I am bould to renew my acquaintance.

Gulf. I embrace it fir.

Musick.

Exeunt.

Incipit ACT. 2.

Enter Luere.

Luere. My Aduersary euermore twittes mee with my Nephew, forsooth my Nephew: why may not a vertuous vnde haue a dissolute Nephewe? what tho hee bee a Brotheller, a wast-thrift, a common Surfetter, and to conclude a beggar, must sinne in him, call vp shame in mee: since wee haue no part in their follies, why should wee haue part in their infamies? for my strickt hand toward his morgage that I denie not, I confesse I had an Vncles penworth: let me see, halfe in halfe, true, I sawe neyther hope of his reclayning, nor comfort in his beeing, and was it not then better bestow'd vpon his Vnde; then vpon one of his Aunts, I neede not say bawde, for euery owne knowes what Aunt stands for in the last Translation now fir.

Sir.

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Ser. 2. Ther's a Country Seruing-man fir, attends to speake with your worship.

Lu. Ime at bett leifure now, send him in to me;

Enter Host like a Seruingman.

Host. Blessie your venerable worship.

Lu. Welcome good fellow.

Host. Hee calles me theefe at first sight, yet he little thinkes I am an Host?

Luc. What's thy busines with me?

Host. Faith fir, I am sent from my Mistrisse to any sufficient Gentleman indeed, to aske aduise vpon a doubtfull point, 'tis indifferent fir, to whome I come, for I know none, nor did my Mistris direct mee to any perticuler man, for shee's as meere a stranger here as my selfe, onely I found your worship within, and tis a thing I euer lou'd fir to be dispaht as soone as I can:

Lu. A good blunt honesty, I like him wel, what is thy Mistris?

Host. Fayth a Cuntry Gentlewoman and a widdow fir, yesterday was the first flight of vs, but now shee intends to stay till a little Tearme businesse be ended.

Lu. Her name I prethee?

Host. It runnes there in the writings fir, among her Lands, widdow Medler?

Lu. Meddler? masse haue I neere heard of that widdow?

Host. Yes, I warrant you, haue you fir, not the rich widdowe in *Staffordshire*:

Lu. Cuds me, there tis indeede, thou hast put me into memorie, there's a widdow indeed, ah that I were a batchiler agen.

Host. No doubt your worship might do much then, but she's fayrely promist to a bachiler already.

Lu. Ah what is he I prethee?

Host. A Country Gentleman too, one whome your worship knowes not Ime sure: has spent some fewe follies in his youth, but marriage by my fayth begins to ca'l him home, my Mistris loues him fir, and loue couers faults you know, one maister *Wit-good* if euer you haue heard of the Gentleman:

Lu. Ha? *Wit-good* sayst thou?

Host.

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Hof. Thats his name indeede fir ; my Mistris is like to bring him to a goodly seate yonder, foure hundred a yeare by my faith,

Luc. But I pray take me with you.

Hof. I fir?

Luc. What Countryman might this yong *Wit-good* be?

Hof. A *Lestershire* gentleman fir.

Luc. My Nephew, by th masse my Nephew, Ile fetch out more of this yfaith, a simple Country fellow, Ile worke out of him, and is that Gentleman sayst thou presently to marrie her?

Hof. Fayth he brought her vp to towne fir, has the best card in all the bunch fort, her heart: and I know my Mistris will bee married, ere she goe downe, nay Ile sweare that, for she's none of those widdowes that will goe downe first, and bee married after, she hates that I can tell you fir.

Luc. By my faith fir, shee is like to haue a proper Gentleman and a comelic, Ile giue her that gift?

Hof. Why do's your worship know him fir?

Luc. I know him! dos not all the world knowe him, can a man of such exquisite qualities be hid vnder a bushell?

Hof. Then your worshippe may saue mee a labour, for I had charge giuen me to enquire after him.

Luc. Enquire of what? if I might counsell thee, thou shouldst nere trouble thy selfe furdere, enquire of him of no more but of mee, Ile fit thee? I grant he has beene youthfull, but is he not now reclaimde; marke you that fir, has not your Mistris thinke you beene wanton in her youth? if men bee wagges, are there not women wagtayles?

Hof. No doubt fir:

Luc. Do's not he returne wisest, that comes home whipt with his owne follies.

Hof. Why very true fir.

Luc. The worst report you can heare of him I can tell you is that hee has beene a kinde Gentleman, a liberall and a wor-thie, who but lustie *Wit-good*, thrice Noble *Wit-good*.

Hof. Since your worshippe has so much knowledge in him,

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can you resolve me Sir what his living might bee, my duty blindes me sir to haue a care of my mistris estate, she has bene euer a good mistris to me though I say it, many welthy Suiters has shee Nonsured for his sake, yet tho her Loue bee so fixt, a man cannot tell whether his Non-performance may helpe to remoue it sir; hee makes vs beleue hee has lands and liuing.

Luc. Who young maister *Wit-good* ! why beleue it he has as goodly a fine liuing out yonder, what do you call the place?

Hos. Nay I know not ifaith.

Luc. Hum, see like a Beast if I haue not forgot the name, puh, and out yonder agen, goodly growen woods and faire meadoes, par ont, I can nere hit of that place neither, hee; why hes *Wit-good* of *Wit-good-Hall*, hee, an vnknowe thing.

Hos. Is he so sir, to see how rumor will alter, trust me sir we heard once he had no lands, but all lay morgagde to an Vncle he has in towne here.

Luc. Puh, tis a tale, tis a tale.

Hos. I can assure you sir twas credibly reported to my Mistris.

Luc. Why doe you thike ifaith he was euer so simple to morgage his lands to his Vncle ? or his Vncle so vnnatural to take the extremity of such a morgage.

Hos. That was my saying still sir.

Luc. Puh, nere thinke it.

Hos. Yet that report goes currant.

Luc. Nay then you vrge me,

Cannot I tell that best that am his Vncle,

Hos. How sir ! what haue I donne.

Luc. Why how now in a Sowne, man.

Hos. Is your worship his Vncle sir,

Luc. Can that be any harme to you sir.

Hos. I do beseech your sir do me the fauour to conceale it, what a Beast was I to vtter so much : pray sir doe mee the kindness to keepe it in, I shall haue my coate pull'd out of my
eares,

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cares, and should bee knowne, for the truth is an't please your worshippinge, to prevent much rumour and many suiters, they intend to bee married verie suddenly and priuately.

Lucr. And do'st thou thinke it stands with my Iudgement to doe them iniury, must I needes say the knowledge of this marriage comes from thee? am I a foole at fifty foure? doe I lacke subteltie now that haue got all my wealth by it? there's a leash of Angells for thee, come let mee wo thee, speake where lie they?

Hof. So I might haue no anger fir—

Luc. Passion of me not a iot, prethe come.

Hof. I would not haue it knowne it came by my meanes,—

Luc. Why am I a man of wisdom?

Hof. I dare trust your worship fir, but I'me a stranger to your house, and to auoyde al Intelligences I desire your worshippinge care.

Luc. This fellowe's worth a matter of trust—come fir, why now thou'rt an honest lad: ah firrah Nephew?

Hof. Please you fir now I haue begunne with your worship when shall I attend, for your aduice vpon that doubtfull point, I must come wailly now.

Luc. Tut, feare thou nothing, to morrowes euening shall resolve the doubt.

Hof. The time shall cause my attendance.

Exit.

Lucr. Here thee well: there's more true honesty in such a Quaker, a Kingman, then in a hundred of our cloake companions, I may well call e'm companions, for since blew coates haue bene turn'd into cloakes, wee can scarce knowe the man from the Maister—*George*—

Geo. Anon fir?

Lucr. Lift hether,—keepe the place secret, commend mee to my Nephewe, I knowe no cause tell him but hee might see his Vncle.

Geo. I will fir.

A TRICK TO CATCH

Luc. And doe you heare fir, take heede you vse him with respect and duty.

Geo. Here's a strange alteration, one day he must be turnd out like a Beggar, and now he must be cald in like a Knight! *Exit.*

Luc. Ah Surah, that rich widdow, 400. a yeare, beside I here she layes Clayme to a title of a hundred more, this falls vnhappyly that he should beare a Grudge to me now being likely to proue so rich, what istro that hee makes me a Stranger for? hum, I hope he has not so much wit to apprehend that I cozened him, he decaues me then? good heauen, who would haue thought, it would euer haue come to this passe, --yet hee's a proper Gentleman ifaith, giue him his due---marry thats his Mortgage, but that I nere meane to giue him, ile make him rich inough in words if that be good, and if it come to a peece of mony I will not greatly sticke for, there may be hope some of the widdowes lands too, may one day fall vpon me if things be carried wisely: now fir, where is he?

Geo. He desires your worship to hold him excusde, he has such weighty Busines it commands him wholly from all men.

Luc. Werethose my Nephewes words?

Geo. Yes indeed fir.

Luc. When men grow rich they grow proud too, I perceiue that, he would not haue sent me such an answere once within this twelue month, see what tis when a mans come to his lands, retorne to him agen fir, tell him his Vncle desires his company for an hower, ile trouble him but an hower say, tis for his owne good tell him, and do you heare fir, put worship vpon him, go too, doe as I bid you, he's like to be a Gentleman of worship very shortly.

Geo. This is good sport ifaith.

Luc. Troth he vses his Vncle, discourteously now, can he tell what I may do for him, Goodnes may come from me in a minute that comes not in Seauen yeare agen, hee knowes my humour I am not so vsually good, tis no small thing that drawes kindness from me, he may know that, and he will, the cheife cause that inuites me to do him most good, is the suddaine astonishing of

THE OLD ONE.

ould Hoord my Aduersary, how pale his malice will looke at my Nephewes Aduancement, with what a delected Spirit hee will behold his Fortunes, whome but last day, hee preclaymde Riotter, Pernicious Make-shift, dispised Brothell Maister; ha, ha, twill doe me more secret Ioy then my last purchasse, more pretious comfortt then all these widdowes Reuennewes, ———
Now Sir. ———

Enter Wit-good.

Geo. With much entrey he's at length come sir,

Luc. Oh Nephew, let me salute you sir, your welcome Nephew

Wit. Vncle I thanke you.

Luc. Yaue a fault Nephew, your a Stranger here, well Hea-
uen giue you Ioy.

Wit. Of what Sir?

Luc. Hah, we can heare.

You might haue knowne your Vncles house ifaith, you and your widdow, go too, you were too blame; If I may tell you, so without offence.

Wit. How could you heare of that sir?

Luc. Oh pardon me,

It was your will to haue it kept from me I perceiue now.

Wit. Not for any defect of Loue I protest Vncle.

Luc. Oh twas Vnkindnes Nephew, fie, fie, fie.

Wit. I am sory you take it in that sence sir.

Luc. Puh, you cannot coulour it ifaith Nephew.

Wit. Will you but heare what I can say in my iust excuse sir.

Luc. Yet faith will I, and welcome.

Wit. You that know my danger ith Citty sir so well, how great my debts are, and how extreame my Creditors could not out of your pure iudgment sir, haue wisht vs hether.

Luc. Masse a firme reason indeed,

Wit. Else my Vncles house, why tad beene the onely make-
Match. ———

Luc. Nay and thy credit.

Wit. My credit? nay my countenance, push, nay I know vnde you would haue wrought it so by your wit you would haue made her beleefe in time the whole house had beene mine ———

A TRICK TO CATCH

Luc. I and most of the goods too ———

Wis. La you there ; wel, let e'm al prate what they will ther's nothing like the bringing of a widdow to ones Vncles house.

Luc. Nay let Nephewes be rulde as they list, they shall finde their Vncles house, the most naturall place when all's done.

Wis. There they may be bold.

Luc. Life, they may do any thing there man, and feare neither Beadle nor Somner, an Vncles house! a very coale-harbour? Sirra, Ile touch thee neere now, hast thou so much interest in thy widdow, that by a token thou couldst presently send for her?

Wis. Troth I thinke I can vncle.

Luc. Go too, let me see that?

Wis. Pray command one of your men hether Vncle.

Luc. George?

Georg. Here sir.

Luc. Attend my Nephew? I loue a life to prattle with a rich widdow, tis prety me thinkes when our tongues goe together, and then to promise much and performe little; I loue that sport a life yfaith, yet I am in the moode now to do my Nephew some good, if he take me handsomely: what haue you dispatcht?

Wis. I ha sent sir?

Luc. Yet I must condemne you of vnkindnesse Nephew.

Wis. Heauen forbid Vncle?

Luc. Yes sayth must I ; say your debts bee many, your creditors importunate, yet the kindnesse of a thing is all Nephew, you might haue sent me close word on't, without the least danger, or praiudice to your fortunes.

Wis. Troth I confesse it Vncle, I was too blame there, but indeed my intent was to haue clapt it vp suddainely, and so haue broke forth like a ioye to my friends, and a wonder to the world, beside there's a trifle of a forty pound matter towarde the setting of mee forth, my friends should nere haue knowne on't, I meant to make shift for that my selfe.

Luc. How Nephew? let me not heare such a word agen, I beseech you, — shall I be beholding to you?

Wis. To me alas, what do you meane Vncle?

Luc.

THE OLD ONE.

Luc. I charge you vpon my loue: you trouble no body but my selfe.

Wit. Y^e aue no reason for that Vncle.

Luc. Troth Ile nere bee friends with you while you liue and you doe.

Wit. Nay and you say so Vncle, here's my hand, I will not doote—

Luc. Why well sayde, there's some hope in thee when thou wilt bee rulde, ile make it vp fifty sayth, because I see thee so reclaimde; peace, here comes my wife with *Sam* her tother husbands Sonne.

Wit. Good Aunt—

Sam. Couzē *Wit-good*? I reioyce in my salute, your most welcome to this Noble Citty gouern'd with the sword in the Scabbard,

Wit. And the wit in the pommell, good Maister *Sam* freedoms I returne the salute.

Luc. By the masse she's comming wife, let mee see now how thou wilt entertaine her.

Wife. I hope I am not to learne fir, to entertaine a widdowe, tis not so long ago since I was one my selfe?

Wit. Vncle?

Luc. Shee's come indeed?

Wit. My Vncle was desirous to see you widdow, and I præs-
sum'd to enuite you.

Curti. The præsumption was nothing Maister *Wit-good*, is this yours Vncle fir?

Luc. Marry am I sweete widdow, and his good Vncle he shal finde me, I by this smack that I giue thee, thou'rt welcome, wife, bid the widdow welcome the same way agen.

Sam. I am a Gentleman now too, by my fathers occupation, and I see no reason but I may kisse a widdowe by my Fathers Coppy, truly I thinke the Charter is not against it, surely these are the wordes, the Sonne once a Gentleman, may reuell it, tho his father were a dauber, tis about the 15 page,—ile to her.—

Lucr. Y^e are not very busie now, a worde with thee sweete widdow—

Sam. Coades-Nigs, I was neuer so disgrac'd, since the houre my mother whipt me.

Luc.

A TRICK TO CATCH

Law. Beside, I haue no childe of mine owne to care for, shee's my second wife, old, past bearing, clap sure to him widdow, he's like to be my heire I can tell you?

Curr. Is he so sir?

Law. Hee knowes it already and the knaues proud on't, iolly rich widdowes haue beene offerd him here ith Citty, great merchants wiues, and do you thinke he would once looke vpon e'm? forsooth heele none, you are beholding to him ith Cou'try then; ere we could be, nay, ile hold a wager widdow if hee were once knowne to bee in towne, hee would bee presently sought after, nay and happie were they, that could catch him first.

Curr. I thinke so?

Law. Oh there would be such running to and fro widdow, hee should not passe the streetes for e'm: he'ed bee tooke vp in one great house or other presently, fah, they know he has it & must haue it; you see this house here widdowe, this house and all comes to him, goodly Roomes ready furnisht, seeld with plaster of paris, and all hung about with cloth of arras, Nephew!

Wif. Sir —————

Law. Shew the widdowe your house, carry her into all the Roomes, and bid her welcome, — you shall see widdow — Nephew! — strike all sure about and thou bee'st a good boye — ah —

Wif. Alasse sir, I know not how shee would take it:

Law. The right way I warrant tee, a pore, art an asse, would I were in thy stead, get you vp, I am a shame of you, so: let e'm agree as they wil now? many a match has beene struck vp in my house a this fashion, let e'm try all manner of waies still there's nothing like an Vncles house to strike the stroake in, — Ile hold my wife in talke a little, now *Ginnes*; your sonne there goes a wooing to a poore Gentlewoman but of a good portion, see my Nephew, a lad of lesse hope, strikes at foure hundred a yeare in good Rubbish.

Wif. Well we must do as we may sir.

Law. Ile haue his money ready told for him, againe hee come downe, let mee see too, by'th masse I must present the widdowe with some Iewell, a good peece a plate or such a denice, twill hearten

THE OLD ONE.

hasten her on wel, I haue a very faire stranding cup, and a good
hie stranding cup wil please a widow aboue al other peices. *Exit.*

Wif. Do you mock vs with your Nephew, I haue a plot in
my head sonne, ifaith husband to crosse you.

Sam. Is it a tragedy plot, or a comedy plot, good mother.

Wif. Tis a plot shall vex him, I charge you of my blessing
Sonne *Sam*, that you presently withdrawe the Action of your
loue from Maister *Hoord* Neece.

Sam. How mother.

Wif. Nay I haue a plot in my head ifaith, here take this chain
of gold and this faire diamond, dogge me the widdow home to
her lodging, and at thy best opportunity fasten e'm both vpon
her—nay I haue a Reach, I can tell you thou art knowne what
thou art sonne among the right worshipfull; all the twelue
companyes.

Sam. Truly I thanke 'em for it.

Wif. He, he's a scab to thee, and so certifie her, thou hast two
hundred a yeare of thy selfe, beside thy good parts—a proper
person and a louely, if I were a widdow I could find in my heart
to haue thee my selfe, sonne, I, from em all.

Sam. Thanke you for your good will mother, but in deed
I had rather haue a Stranger: and if I wo her not in that Violent
fashion, that I will make her bee glad to take these gifts ere I
leau her, let me neuer be called the heire of your body.

Wif. Nay I know theres inough in you sonne if you once
come to put it forth.

Sam. Ile quickly make a Bolt, or a shaft ont.

Exeunt.

Enter Hoord and Monyloue.

Mo. Faith Maister *Hoord*, I haue bestowde many months in
the Suite of your Neece, such was the deere loue I euer bore to
her vertues, but since she hath so extreame denied me, I am
to lay out for my fortunes else where.

Hoord. Heauen forbid but you should sir, I euer told you my
Neece, stood otherwise affected.

Mo. I must confesse you did sir, yet in regard of my great losse
of time, and the zeale with which I sought your Neece, shall I
desire one fauour of your worship.

D

Hoord.

A TRICK TO CATCH

Hoo. In regard of those two tis hard but you shall fir,

Mon. I shall rest gratefull, tis not full 3. houres fir, since the happy rumour of a rich Country widdow came to my hearing.

Hoo. How a rich Country widdow?

Mon. Foure hundred a yeare landed.

Hoo. Yea?

Mon. Most firme fir, and I haue learnt her lodging, here my suite begins fir, if I might but entreate your worship to bee a countenance for mee, and speake a good words for your words will passe, I nothing doubt, but I might set faire for the widdowe, nor shall your labour fir end altogether in thanks, two hundred Angells—

Hoo. So, so, what suiters has shee?

Mon. There lies the comfort fir, the report of her is yet but a whilper, and onely sollicitied by young Riotous *Whit-good*, Nephew to your mortall aduersary.

Hoo. Ha? art certaine he's her suiter?

Mon. Most certaine fir, and his Vncle very industrious to beguile the widdow, and make vp the match!

Hoo. So? very good?

Mon. Now fir you know this yong *Whit-good* is a spend-thrift—dissolute fellow.

Hoo. A very Raskall:

Mon. A mid-night sursetter.

Hoo. The spume of a Brothel-house.

Mon. True fir? which beeing well told in your worshippes phraze, may both heaue him out of her minde, and driue a faire way for me to the widdowes affections.

Hoo. Attend me about 5.

Mon. With my best care fir.

Exit.

Hoo. Foole thou hast left thy treasure with a theefe, to trust a widdower with a suite in loue, happy reuenge I hug thee, I haue not onely the meanes layde before me, extreamely to crosse my aduersary, and confound the last hopes of his Nephew, but thereby to enrich my state; augment my reuennewes, and build mine owne fortunes greater, ha, ha.

He marre your phraze, ore-tune your flatteries,

Vndo:

THE OLD ONE.

Vndo your windings, policies, and plots,
Fall like a secret and dispatchfull plague on your secured com-
forts, why I am able to buy 3. of *Lucer*, thrice out-bid him, let
my out-monies be reckond and all.

Enter three Creditors.

1. I am glad of this newes. 2. So are we by my faith.

3. Yong *Wit-good* will be a gallant agen now.

Hoo, Peace?

1. I promise you Maister Cock-pit she's a mighty rich widdow.

2. Why haue you euer heard of her.

1. Who widdow Medler, shee lies open to much rumour.

3. Foure hundred a yeare they say in very good land.

1. Nay tak't of my word if you belecue that, you belecue the
least.

2. And to see how cloffe hee keepes it.

1. Oh sir there's policy in that to preuent better suiters.

3. Hee owes me a hundred pound, and I protest I neere lookte
for a pennie.

1. He little dreames of our comming, heele wonder to see his
creditors vpon him.

Exeunt.

Hoo. Good, his creditors, ile follow, this makes for mee, all
know the widdowes wealth & tis well knowne, I can estate her
fairely, I and will.

In this one chance shines a twice happy Fate,

I both delect my foe, and raise my state.

Musick,

Exit.

Incipit ACT. 3.

Wit-good with his Creditors.

Wit. Why alasse, my Creditors? could you finde no other time
to vndo mee but now, rather your malice appeares in this then
the iustnesse of the debt.

1. Maister *Wit-good* I haue forborne my money long.

Wit. I pray speake lowe sir, what do you meane?

2. We heare you are to be married suddainely to a rich Coun-
try widdow?

Wit. What can bee kept so cloffe but you creditors here on't,
wel, tis a lamentable state, that our cheifest afflicters should first

D 3

heare

A TRICK TO CATCH

heare of our fortunes, why this is no good coursey faith fir, if
euer you haue hope to bee satisfied, why doe you seeke to con-
found the meanes that should worke it, there's neither piety, no
nor policy in that, shine fauorably now, why I may rize and spread
agen, to your great comforts. 1. He saies true yfaith.

Wis. Remoue me now, and I consume for euer,

2. Sweete Gentleman?

Wis. How can it thrue which from the Sun you seuer.

3. It cannot indeed?

Wis. Oh then show patience, I shall haue ynough to satisfie

1. I, if we could be content a shame take vs. (you all.

Wis. For looke you, I am but newly sure yet to the widdow,
at what a Rend might this discredit make: within these 3. daies
will I binde you lands for your securities.

1. No, good Maister *Wis.* good,

Would twere as much as we dare trust you with?

Wis. I know you haue beene kinde, how euer now either by
wrong report, or false incitement your gentlenesse is iniurde, in
such a state as this a man cannot want foes.

If on the suddaine he begin to rize,

No man that liues can count his enemyes.

You had some intelligence I warrant yee, from an ill-willer.

2. Faith wee heard you brought vp a rich widdow fir, and
were suddainely to marry her.

Wis. I, why there it was, I knew twas so, but since you are so
wel resolute of my faith toward you, let me be so much fauor'd
of you, I beseech you all. —————

All. Oh, it shall not need ifaith fir, —————

Wis. As to lie still a while, and bury my debts in silence, till I
be fully posselt of the widdow, for the truth is, I may tell you as
my friends ————— *All.* Oh — o — o —

Wis. I am to raise a little money in the Citty, toward the set-
ting forth of my selfe, for mine owne credit, and your comfort,
now if my former debts should be diuulg'd, all hope of my pro-
ceedings were quite extinguish't!

1. Do you heare fir, I may deserue your custome heereafter,
pray let my money be accepted before a strangers, here's some
pound

THE OLD ONE.

pound I receit'd as I came to you, if that may stand you in any
 head make use on't, nay pray fir, tis at your service

Wit. You doe so ravish mee with kindnesse, that I'me con-
 strainde, to play the maide and take it?

1. Let none of them see it I beseech you.

Wit. Fah----

1. I hope I shall be first in your remembrance after the mar-
 riage rites.

Wit. Beleeue it firmly.

1. So, what do you walke fir?

2. I goe---take no care fir for money to furnish you, within
 this houre ile send you sufficient: come Maister Cock-pit wee
 both stay for you.

3. I ha lost a ring ifaith, ile followe you presently---but you
 shall finde it fir, I know your youth and expences haue disfur-
 nishat you of all Jewells, ther's a Ruby of twenty pound price fir,
 bestowe it vpon your widdow, ---what man, twill call vp her
 bloud to you; beside if I might so much worke with you, I
 would not haue you beholding to those bloud-suckers for any
 money.

Wit. Not I beleeue it.

3. The'ar a brace of cut-throates?

Wit. I know e'm.

3. Send a note of all your wants to my shoppe and ile sup-
 ly you instantly.

Wit. Say you so, why here's my hand then. no man liuing shal
 do't but thy selfe.

3. Shall I carry it away from e'm both then.

Wit. I faith shalt thou?

3. Troth then I thanke you fir.

Wit. Welcome good maister Cock-pit!

Exit.

ha, ha, ha? why is not this better now, then lying a bed, I per-
 ceiuue there's nothing coniuers vp wit sooner then pouerty, and
 nothing laies it downe sooner then wealth and lecherie? this
 has some sauour yet, oh that I had the mortgage from mine Vn-
 cle as sure in possession as these trifles, I would forswear Brothel
 at noone day, and Muscadine and eggs at midnight.

Enter Curtezan.

Cur. Maister Wit-good? where are you?

A TRICK TO CATCH

Wit. Holla, *Car.* Rich Newell!

Wit. Would were all in Plate,

Car. There's some in chains and Jewells, I am so haunted with shutters Maister *Wit-good*, I know not which to dispatch first.

Wit. You have the better rearme by my faith

Car. Among the number, one Maister Hoord an Antient Gentleman.

Wit. Vpon my life my Vncles aduersary.

Car. It may well hold so, for he rayles on you, Speakes shamefully of him. *Wit.* As I could wish it.

Car. I first denyed him, but so cunningly, It rather promise him assured hopes,

Then any losse of labour. *Wit.* Excellent,

Car. I expect him euery hower, with Gentlemen, With whom he labours to make good his words, To approue you Riotous, your state confumde, your Vncle,——

Wit. Wench, make vp thy owne fortunes now, do thy selfe a good turne once in thy Dayes, hees rich in money, moueables, and lands, ——marry him, he's an old doting foole, and thats worth all, marry him, twould bee a great comfort to me to see thee do well ifaith, ——marry him, twould ease my conscience well to see thee well gestowd, I haue a care of thee ifaith.

Car. Thankes sweete maister *Wit-good*.

Wit. I reach at farder happines; first I am sure it can be no harme to thee, and there may happen goodnes to me by it, prosecute it well, lets send vp for out wits, now we require their best and most pregnant Assistance!

Car. Step in, I thinke I heare e'm.

Exit.

*Enter Hoord and Gentlemen with
the Host, ——seruingman.*

Hoo. Art thou the widdowes man, by my faith sh'as a company of proper men then.

Host. I am the worst of fine fir, good enough for blew-coates.

Ho. Harko hether, I heare say thou art in most credit with her.

Host. Not so fir.

Hoo. Come, com e, thou'rt modest, theres a Blace of royalls, prethee helpe me to th speech of her.

Host.

THE OLD ONE.

Hos. He do what I may fir always, saving my selfe hartmellese.

Hos. Go too do't I say, thou shalt heare better from me.

Hos. Is not this a bettes place then 5. Marke a yeare standing wages; say a man had but 3. such clients in a day, yet thinkes he might make a poore living ont, beside I was never brought vp with so little honesty, to refuse any mans mony neuer; what gullies there are a this side the world, now knowe I the widdowes minde; none but my yong master comes in her clutches, ha, ha, ha.

Hos. Now my deere Gentlemen stand firmly to me, you know his follyes, and my worth.

1. Wee doo fir.

2. But Maister Hoord, are you sure he is not ith house now?

Hos. ypon my honesty, I chose this time, A purpose, sit, the spend-thrift is abroad, Assist me: here she comes now my sweete widdow,

Cur. Yare wellcome Maister Hoord.

Hos. Dispatch, sweet Gentlemen, dispatch; I am come widdow, to prove those my words, Neither of enuy Sprung nor of false tongs, But such as their desarts and Actions, Doe merit and bring forth, all which these Gentlemen well knowne and better reputted will confesse,

Cur. I cannot tell,

How my affections may dispose of me, But surely if they find him so desartlesse, Theyle haue that reason to with-draw them-selues.

And therefore Gentlemen I doe entreat you, As you are faire in Reputation,

And in appearing forme so shine in truth; I am a widdow and asse you knowe,

Soone overthowen, tis a very small thing, That we with-stand; our weakenes is so great,

Be partiall vnto neither, but deliuer, Without affection your opinion;

Hos. And that will drive it home;

Cur. Nay I beseech your silence Maister Hoord, You are a party,

A TRICK TO CATCH

Ho. Widdow? not a word!

1. The better first to worke you to beleife,
Know neither of vs owe him flattery,
Nor tother malice, but vn bribed censure,
So helpe vs our best fortunes. *Cur.* It suffizes?

1. That *Wit-good* is a riotous yndon man,
Imperfect both in fame and in estate:
His debts welthier then he, and executions
In waite for his due body, we' ele maintayne
With our best credit, and our deereft bloud.

Cur. Nor land, nor liuing say you, pray take heede you do not
wrong the Gentleman?

1. What we speake,
Our liues and meanes are ready to make good.
Cur. Alasse, how soone are wee poore soules beguild!

2. And for his Vncle,——

Ho. Let that come to me,
His Vncle a seuerer extortioner,
A Tyrant at a forfeiture, greedy of others miseries,
One that would vndo his brother; nay swallowe
Vp his father, if he can
Within the fadomes of his conscience.

1. Nay beleue it widdow,
You had not onely matcht your selfe to wants,
But in an euill and ynnaturall stocke.

Hoo. Follow hard, Gentlemen, follow hard?

Cur. Is my loue so deceau'd, before you all
I do renounce him, on my knees I vow
He nere shall marry mee,——

Wis. Heauen knowes hee neuer meant it?

Hoo. There, take her at the bound,——

1. Then with a new and pure affection,
Behold yon Gentleman, graue, kinde and rich:

A match worthy your selfe, esteeming him,

You do regard your state. *Hoo.* Ile make her a ioynture say.

1. Hee can ioyne land to land, and will possesse you of what
you can desire.

2. Come widdow come.

Cur. The world is so deceitfull?

1. There

THE OLD ONE.

1. There tis deceitfull,
Where flattery, want, and imperfection lies:
But none of these in him? push ——— *Curt. Pray sir,*

1. Come you widdowes are euer most back-wafd, when you
should doe your selues most good, but were it to marry a chin
not worth a haire now, then you would bee forward ynough?
come, clap hands, a match.

Hoo. Withall my heart widdow, thanks Gentlemen,
I will deserue your labour, and thy loue.

Cnr. Alasse, you loue not widdowes but for wealth,
I promise you I ha nothing sir,

Hoo. Well said, widdowe, well said, thy Loue is all I seeke,
before these Gentlemen. *Cnr.* Now I must hope the best,

Hoo. My ioyes are such they want to be exprest,

Cnr. But Maister Hoord, one thing I must remember you of
before these gentlemen your friends, how shall I suddainly
auoyde the loathed Sollecciting of that periurd *Wit-good*, and
his Tedious—dissembling Vncle, who this very uery day hath
appointed a meeting for the same purpose too, where had not
truth come forth I had beene yndon, vtterly yndon.

Hoo. What thinke you of that Gentlemen.

1. T was well deuized.

Hoo. Harke thee widdow, trayne out yong *Wit-good* single,
hasten him thether with thee, somewhat before the hower
where at the place appointed these Gentlemen and my selfe
wil waite the opportunity, when by some slyght remouing him
from thee we'le suddenly enter and surprise thee, carry thee
away by boate to Coale-harbour, haue a Priest ready and there
Clap it vp instantly, how lik'ft it widdow?

Cnr. In that it pleaseth you, it likes me well.

Hoo. Ile kisse thee for those words, come, Gentlemen,
Still must I liue a Suiter to your fauours,
Still to your aide beholding. 1. We're engade sir,
Tis for our credits now to see't well ended.

Hoo. Tis for your honors Gentlemen; nay looke toote,
Not onely in ioy, but I in wealth excell,
No more sweet widdow, but sweete wife, farwell.

Cnr. Farwell sir. — *Exeunt.* *Enter Wit-good.*

E

Wit.

A TRICK TO CATCH

Wit. Oh for more scope, I could laugh eternally,
Giue you ioye Mistres *Hoord*, I promise your fortune was good
forsooth, y' aue fell vpon wealth ynough, and there's young
Gentlemen enow can helpe you to the rest; now it requires our
wits: carry thy selfe but heedfully now, and wee are both----

Host. Maister *Wit*-good your Vncle----- *Enter Lucre?*

Wit. Cuds me, remoue thy selfe a while, ile serue for him?

Luc. Nephew, good morrow, Nephew?

Wit. The same to you kinde Vncle.

Luc. How fares the widdow, do's the meeting hold?

Wit. Oh no question of that sir?

Luc. Ile strike the stroake then for thee, no more daies.

Wit. The sooner the better Vncle, oh shee's mightily fol-
lowed, ----- *Lucr.* And yet so little rumourd.

Wit. Mightily? here comes one old Gentleman, and heele
make her a ioynture of three hundred a yeare forsooth, another
welthy suiter wil estate his sonne in his life time, and make him
weigh downe the widdow, here a Merchants sonne wil possesse,
her with no lesse then three goodly Lordships at once, which
were all pawnes to his Father.

Luc. Peace Nephew let mee heare no more of e'm, it mads
mee, thou shalt preuent e'm all, no words to the widdow of my
comming hether, let mee see, tis now vpon nine, before twelue.
Nephew we will haue the bargaine struck, wee will faith boye.

Wit. Oh my pretious Vncle. *Exit.*

Hoord and his Neece.

Ho. Neece, sweete Neece, prethee haue a care to my house, I
leauel to thy discretion, be content to dreame a while, ile haue
a hus band for thee shortly, put that care vpon me wench, for in
choosing wiues and hus bands I am onely fortunate, I haue that
gift giuen me. *Exit.*

Neece. But tis not likely you should chuse for me,
Since Nephew to your cheifest enemy:
Is he whome I affect, but oh forgetfull,
Why dost thou flatter thy affections so:
With name of him, that for a widdowes bed,
Neglects thy puter loue, can in be so?
Or do's report dissemble: how now sir?

Geo.

THE OLD ONE.

Geo. A letter with which came a private charge.

Noe. Therin I thanke your care---I knowe this hand,

Reades.

*Deerer then fight, what the world reports of me yet beleene not,
rumour will alter shortly, be thou constant, I am still the same that
I was in loue, and I hope to be the same in fortunes.*

Theodorus Wit-good.

I am resolute, no more shall feare or doubt,

Raise their pale powers to keepe affection out.

Exit.

Enter with a Drawer, Hoord, and two Gentlemen.

Dra. You're very welcome Gentlemen, Dick shewethose
Gentlemen the Pomgranite there,--- *Hoo.* Hist---

Dra. Vp those staires Gentlemen.

Hoo. Pitt Drawer,--- *Dra.* Anon sir?

Hoo. Prethe aske at the Bar, if a gentlewoman came not in lately?

Dra. William at the Bar did you see any Gentlewoman come
in lately, speake you I, speake you no.

VVithin. No, none came in yet but mistres Florence.

Dra. Hec saies none came in yet sir, but one Mistres Florence.

Hoo. What is that Florence? a widdow!

Dra. Yes a ducht widdow. *Hoo.* How? *(row.*

Dra. Thats an English drab sir, giue your worship good mor-

Hoo. A meiry knaue ifaith, I shall remember a dutch widdow
the longest day of my life.

1. Did not I vse most art to win the widdow.

2. You shall pardon mee for that sir, Maister Hoord knowes I
tooke her at best vantage.

Hoo. What's that sweete Gentlemen, what's that?

3. He will needs beare me downe that his art onely wrought
with the widdow most. *(thanke you.*

Hoo. Oh you did both well Gentlemen, you did both well, I

1. I was the first that mou'd her. *Hoo.* You were ifaith.

2. But it was I that tooke her at the bound.

Hoo. I, that was you, faith Gentlemen, tis right.

3. I boasted least, but twas I ioynd their hands,

Hoo. By'th masse I thinke hee did, you did all well gentlemen,
you did al wel, contend no more: 1. Come yon roomes fittest:

Ho. True tis next the doore?

Exit.

Enter Wit-g: Curt: and Host.

E 2

Dra:

A TRICK TO CATCH

Dra. Your verie welcome, please you to walke vp staires
cloths layde sir.

Cur. Vp staires! troth I am weary Maister *Wit-good*

Wit. Rest your selfe here a while widdowe, wee'le haue a cup
of Muscadine in this little Roome.

Dra. A cup of Muscadine, you shall haue the best sir.

Wit. But do you heare sirrah. *Dra.* Do you call, anon sir.

Wit. What is there provided for dinner

Dra. I cannot readily tell you sir, if you please, you may goe
into the kitchin and see your selfe sir, many Gentlemen of wor-
ship do vse to do it, I assure you sir?

Hos. A pretty familiar Priggin ras kall, hee has his part with-
out booke?

Wit. Against you are ready to drinck to mee, widdow, ile bee
present to pledge you.

Cur. Nay I commend your care, tis donne well of you?
asse what haue I forget. *Hos.* What Mistres?

Cur. I slipt my wedding Ring off when I washt, and left
it at my lodging, prethee run, I shall be sad without it, so, hee's
gon! --- boye?

Boy. Anon forsooth?

Cur. Come hether sirrah, learne secretly if one Maister Hoord
an ancient Gentleman be about house?

Boy. I heard such a one nam'd. *Cur.* Commend me to him.

Enter Hoord with Gentlemen.

Hos. Ile do thy commendations?

Cur. Oh you come well: away, to boate, he gon.

Hos. Thus wisemen are reueng'd giue two for one. *Exeunt.*

Enter Wit-good and Vintner.

Wit. I must request you sir, to show extraordinary care, my Vn-
cle comes with Gentlemen his friends, and tis vpon a making?

Vin. Is it so?

Ile giue a speciall charge good Maister *Wit-good*, may I be bold

Wit. Who he widdow? (to see her?)

Withall my heart if sayth, ile bring you to her?

Vin. If thee bee a *Staffordshire* Gentlewoman, tis much if I
know her not, ——— *Wit.* How now, boy, drawer.

Vin. He?

Boy. Do you call sir?

Wit. Went the Gentlewoman vp that was here?

Boy.

THE OLD ONE.

Boy. Vp fir? she went out fir. *Wit.* Out fir?
Boy. Out fir: one. Maister *Hoord* with a guard of Gentlemen
 carried her out at backdoore, a pretie while since fir.
Wit. *Hoord*, death and darkenesse, *Hoord.* *Enter Host.*
Host. The deuill of ring I can finde?
Wit. How now, what newes, where's the widdow?
Host. My Mistris? is she not here fir? *Wit.* More madnes yet.
Host. Shee sent me for a Ring.
Wit. A plot, a plot: to Boate shee's stole away.
Host. What? *Enter Lucre with Gentlemen.*
Wit. Follow, enquire, old *Hoord* my Vncles Aduersary--
Lucr. Nephew, what's that?
Wit. Thrice miserable wretch.
Lucr. Why what's the matter?
Vint. The widdow's borne away fir?
Lucr. Ha, passion of me, a heauy welcome Gentlemen.
 1. The widdow gon? *Luc.* Who durst attempt it?
Vvit. Who but old *Hoord*, my Vncles aduersary?
Luc. How? *Vvit.* With his confederates.
Luc. *Hoord*, my deadly enemy, Gentlemen stand to me,
 I will not beare it, 'tis in hate of me,
 That villaine seekes my shame, nay thrifts my bloud, hee owes
 me mortall malice,
 He spend my wealth on this despitefull plot,
 Ere he shall crosse me and my Nephew thus.
Vvit. So malitioullie. *Enter Host.*
Luc. How now you treacherous Rascall?
Host. That's none of my name fir.
Wit. Poore soule he knew not on't.
Luc. Ime sory, I see then 'twas a meere plot.
Host. I trac'de e'm neerely. *Luc.* Well.
Host. And heare for certaine, they haue tooke *Cole-barber*.
Luc. The Diuils Sanctuary,
 They shall not rest, He pluck her from his armes,
 Kind & deere Gentlemen, if euer I had seat within your breasts--
 2. No more good fir, it is a wrong to vs,
 To see yor iniur'd in a cause so iust:
 Wee'll spend our liues, but we will right our friends.

A TRICK TO CATCH

Ln. Honest, and kind, come, we haue delayd to long,
Nephew take comfort; a Iust cause is strong.

Exeunt.

Wis. Thats all my comfort Vncle, ha, ha, ha.
Now may euents fall luckily, and well,
He that nere struies, sayes wit shall nere excell.

Exit.

Enter Dampit, the Usurer drunke.

Dam. When did I say my prayers? In Anno 88. when the great Armado was comming, and In Anno 99. when the great Thundring and Lighting was I prayd heartily then ifaith, to ouerthrow Poouyes new buildings, I kneeld by my great iron chest I remember.

An. Maister *Dampit*, one may heare you, before they see you, you keepe sweet howers Maister *Dampit*; we were all a bed 3 howers agoe.

Dam. Andry. *An.* Oh yare a fine Gentleman.

Dam. So I am ifaith, and a fine Scholler, do you vse to goe to bed Bed, so early *Andry*?

An. Call you this early Maister *Dampit*.

Dam. Why ist not one of Clocke ith morning is not that early indugh? fetch me a glasse of fresh-Beere.

An. Here, I haue warnd your Nightcap for you maister *Dampit*.

Dam. Draw it on then—I am very weake truely, I haue not eaten so much as the bulke of an Egge these 3. dayes.

An. You haue drunke the more Maister *Dampit*,

Dam. Whats that?

An. You mought, and you would Maister *Dampit*.

Dam. I answer you I cannot, hold your prating, you prat too much, and vnderstand too litle, are you answered,—giue me a glasse of beere.

An. May I aske you how you doe Maister *Dampit*?

Dam. How do I? ifaith naught.

An. I nere knew you do otherwise,

Dam. I eate not one pennore of bread these 2. yeares, giue me a glasse of fresh beere,—I am not sicke, nor I am not well.—

An. Take ths warme Napken about your necke fir, whilst I helpe to make you vnready.

Dam.

THE OLD ONE.

Damp. How now *Andrie*-prater, with your skiruy deuices, what say you now?

And. What say I Maister *Dampit*? I say nothing but that you are very weake, (London?

Dam. Faith thou hast more cunnycatching deuices then all

And. Why Maister *Dampit* I neuer deceiu d you in al my life?

Dam. VVhy was that? because I neuer did trust thee.

And. I care not what you say Maister *Dampit*?

Dam. Hold thy prating, I answere thee, thou art a beggar, a queane, and a bawde: are you answerd.

And. Pie Maister *Dampit*, a Gentleman and haue such words.

Dam. VVhy thou base drudge of infortunity, thou kitchin-stuffe drab of Beggery, Roguery & cockscombe, thou Cauernesed queane of foolery, knauery and baudreaminy, ile tell thee what, I will not giue a lowse for thy fortunes:

And. No, maister *Dampit*, and there's a Gentleman comes a wooing to me, and he doubts nothing but that you will get mee from him:

Dam. I, if I would either haue thee or lie with thee for two thousand pound, would I might bee damnd, why thou base impudent queane of foolery, flattery, and cockscombry, are you an-

And. Come will you rise and goe to bed fir? (swerd?

Dam. Rise, and go to bed too *Andry*? how do's Misters *Proserpine*?

And: Fosh ———

Dam: She's as fine a Philosopher of a stinkards wife, as any within this liberties, — fah, fah *Andry*:

And: How now Maister *Dampit*?

Dam. Fie ypon't, what a choise of stinckes here is, what hast thou don *Andry* fie yppon't: there's a choice of stinckes indeed; giue me a glasse of fresh Beere, and then I wil to bed:

And: It waites for you about fir?

Dam: Foh, I thinke they burne hornes in Barnards Inne, if euer I smelt such an abhominable stinck, vsury forsake me:

And: They be the stincking nailes of his trampling secte, and he talke of burning of hornes: *Exit.*

Incipit ACT. 4.

Enter at Cale-harbour, Hoord, the VViddow and Gentlemen, he married yow.

A TRICK TO CATCH

1. Ioyne hearts, ioyne hands, In wedlocks bands,
Neuer to part, till death cleaue your heart,
You shall forsake all other women,
You Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and Yeomen.

What my tongue slips, make vp with your lips.

Heor. Giue you ioy Mistrisse *Heord*, let the kisse come about,
Who knocks? conuay my little Pig-eater out.

Luc. *Heord*?

Heor. Vpon my life, my aduersary, Gentlemen.

Luc. *Heord*, open the doore, or we will force it ope,
Giue vs the widdow.

Heor. Gentlemen keepe 'm out.

Lamp. Hee comes vpon his death that enters here.

Luc. My friends assist me.

Heor. Hee has assistants, Gentlemen.

Lamp. Tut, nor him, nor them, we in this action feare.

Luc. Shall I in peace, speake one word with the widdow?

Curt. Husband and Gentlemen, heare me but a word.

Heor. Freely sweete wife.

Curt. Let him in peaceably, you know we're sure, from any
act of his. *Heor.* Most true,

Luc. You may stand by and smile at his old weakenesse, let mee
alone to answer him.

Heor. Content,

Twill be good mirth ifaith, how thinke you Gentlemen?

Lamp. Good gullery? *Heor.* Vpon calme conditions let him in.

Luc. All spite and malice——

Lamp. Heare me Maister *Lucr.*, so you will vow a peacefull en-
trance with those your friends and onely exercize
Calme conference with the widdow, without fury,

The passage shall receiue you. *Enter Lucr.*

Luc. I do vow it.

Lamp. Then enter and talke freely, here she stands.

Luc. Oh Maister *Heord*, your spite has wacht the houre, your
excellent at vengeance Maister *Heord*. *Heor.* Ha, ha, ha.

Luc. I am the foole you laugh at, you are wise sir and knowe
the seasons, well, come hether widdow, why is it thus!
Oh you haue done me infinite disgrace,

And

THE OLD ONE

And your owne credit no small Iniury,
Suffer mine enemy so dispitofully
To beare you from my Nephewe, oh,
I had rather halfe my substance had beene forfet, and begd by
some staru d Raskall.

Curt. Why what would you with me do fir?
I must not overthrow my state for loue,
We haue too many presidents for that,
From thoulonds of our welthie vndon widdowes
One may deuie some wit; I do confesse,
I lou'd your Nephew, nay I did affect him,
Against the minde and liking of my friend:
Belecu'd his promises, lay here in hope,
Of flatterd liuing, and the boast of lands,
Coniming to touch his wealth and state indeed,
It appeares drosse, I finde him not the man,
Imperfect, meane, scarce furnisht of his needes:
In words, faire Lordships, in performance Howells,
Can any woman loue the thing that is not?

Luc. Broke you for this?

Curt. Was it not cause too much?

Send to enquire his state, most part of it,
Lay two yeares morgag'd in his Vndes hands:

Luc. Why say it did, you might haue knowne my minde; I
could haue soone restorde it.

Curt. I, had I but seene any such thing perform'd why twould
haue tyed my affection. and contaynd me in my first desires, doe
you thinke ifayth, that I could twine such a dry, oake as this, had
promise in your Nephew rooke effect:

Luc. Why, and there's no time past, and rather then my ad-
uersary should thus thw'art my hopes, I would

Curt. Tut, y'au'e beene euer full of golden speech,
If wordes were lands, your Nephew would bee rich.

Lu. Widdow, belecue it, I vowe by my best blisse,
Before these Gentlemen, I will giue in
The morgage to my Nephew instantly,
Before I sleepe or eate.

1. Weele payne our credits widdow, what he speaks shall
be

A TRICK TO CATCH

be performde in fullnesse.

Luc. Nay more I will estate him
In farder blessings; he shall be my heire,
I haue no Sonne,
He binde my selfe to that condition.

Cur. When I shall heare this done, I shall soone yeeld, to
reasonable termes.

Lu. In the meane season,
Will you protest before these Gentlemen,
To keepe your selfe, as you are, now at this present.

Cur. I do protest before these Gentlemen,
I will be as cleere then, as I am now.

Lu. I do beleue you, here's your owne honest seruant,
Et take him along with me.

Cur. I, with all my heart.

Luc. He shall see all performde and bring you word.

Cur. That's all I waite for.

Hoo. What haue you finisht Maister Lucrotha; ha, ha, ha!

Lucro. So, laugh Hoord, laugh at your poore enemy, do, the
wilde may turne you may be laught at too, yes marry may you
fir---ha, ha, ha!

Exeunt.

Hoo. Ha, ha, ha, if euery man that swells in malice,
Could be reuengd as happily as I:

He would chuse hate, and forswear amity.

What did he say wife, prethee?

Cur. Faith spoke to ease his minde, ———

Hoo. Oh—o—o—

Cur. You know now, little to any purpose.

Hoo. True, true, true. **Cur.** He would do mountaines now.

Hoo. I, I, I, I. **Lamp.** Y' aue struck him dead Master Hoord;

Spick. I and his Nephew desperate:

Hoo. I knowte firs I,

Neuer did man so crush his enemy?

Exeunt.

Enter Lucro with Gentlemen meeting Sam Freedome.

Lu. My sonne in lawe,

Sam Freedome? where's my Nephew?

Sam. O man in lamentation father?

Lu. How!

Sp. He thumpes his brest like a gallant Dicke that has lost his
doublet,

THE OLD ONE.

doublet, and stands in's shirt to do penance:

Lu. Alasse poore gentleman.

Sam. I warrant, you may heare him sigh in a still euening to your houle at Hyegate. **Lu.** I prethe send him in.

Sam. Were it to do a greater matter, I will not stick with you sir, in regard you married my Mother?

Lu: Sweete Gentlemen cheere him vp, I will but fetch the morgage, and returne to you instantly. **Exit.**

1. Weele do our best sir--see where he comes,
E'en ioylesse and regardlesse of all forme.

2. Why how Maister *Wir-good*, sic, you a firme scholler, and an vnderstanding Gentleman, and giue your best partes to passion.

1. Come tie? **Wir:** Oh Gentlemen!--

1. Sorrow of mee what a sigh was there sir, nine such wid-
dowes are not worth it.

Wir. To be borne from me by that lecher Hoord.

1. That vengeance is your Vncles, being done

More in despite to him, then wrong to you,

But we bring comfort now,-- **Wir.** I beseech you Gentlemen,

2. Cheere thy selfe man, there's hope of her if sayth?

Wir. To gladsome, to be true.

Enter Lucre.

Luc: Nephew what cheere? alasse poore Gentleman how art thou changd? call thy fresh blond into thy cheekes agen, shee

Wir. Nothing afflicts me so much,

(comes--

But that it is your Aduersary, Vncle,

And meerey plotted in despite of you.

Luc. I thats it mads mee, spites mee? ile spend my wealth, e're he shall carry her so, because I know tis onely to spite me, I this is it,--here Nephew, before these kinde Gentlemen I deliuer in your morgage, my promise to the widdow, see tis done, be wise your once more Maister of your owne, the widdow shall perceiue now, you are not altogether such a beggar as the world reputes you, you can make shift to bring her to 300. a yeare sir.

1. Berlady and thats no toye sir:

Lu: A word Nephew?

1. Now you may certifye the widdow?

Luc: You must conceiue it a right Nephewe now, to doe you good, I am content to do this,

Wir. I know it sir?

STRICK TO CATCH

Luc. But your owne conscience can tell I had it deere-
 ynough of you? **Wit.** I thars most certaine.

Luc. Much money layde out, beside mancey a iourney to fetch
 the rent, I hope youle thinke on't Nephew.

Wit. I were worse then a beast else if sayth.

Luc. Although to blinde the widdow and the world I out of
 policy doote, yet there's a conscience Nephew.

Wit. Heanen forbid else.

Luc. When you are full posselt,
 Tis nothing to returne it.

Wit. Alasse a thing quickly done Vncle.

La. Well sayd, — you know I giue it you but in trust,

Wit. Pray let me vnderstand you rightly, Vncle,

You giue it me but in trust. **La.** No.

Wit. That is, you trust me with it. **La.** True, true:

Wit. But if euer I trust you with it agen, would I might bee
 trust vp for my labour.

La. You can all witnesse Gentlemen, and you sir yeoman?

Hab. My life for yours sir now, I know my Mistresses minde to
 well toward your Nephew, let things be in preparation, and ile
 traine her hether in most excellent fashion: **Exit.**

Luc. A good old boy, — wife Gimnel?

Enter Wife

Wife. Whats the newes sir?

Luc. The wedding daies at hand, prettee sweete wife, ex-
 presse thy houswifery, thou'rt a fine Cooke I knowe, thy first
 husband married thee out of an Aldermans kitchen, go too, ile
 misde thee for saying of paste, what, here's none but friends,
 most of our beginnings must bee wrickt at, Gentleman I enuice
 you all to my Nephewes wedding against Thursday morning:

W. Withall our hearts, and wee shall ioye to see your enemy so
 smotherd.

Luc. He laugh at me, gentlemen, ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt;

Wit. Hee has no conscience, faith would laugh at them, they
 laugh at one another?

Who then can be so cruell, troth, not I,

I rather pity now, then ought enuie,

I do conceiue such ioye in mine owne happinesse, I haue no le-
 sure yet, to laugh at their follies.

Exit

Thom.

THE ODD ONE.

These foule of my estate I hiss at thee,
 I misse lifes Comfort when I misse thee.
 Oh neuer will we part again,
 Unill I leane the Sights of men,
 We leaue trust confided of our kin,
 Since Caeſpaze brings that title in.

Enter three Creditors.

1. Ile wayte these 7. howers but Ile see him caught,

2. Faith so will I.

3. Hang him prodigall, he's stript of the Widdow,

1. A my Troth shees the wiser, she has made the happier
 choyse, and I wonder of what Stuffe those widdowes hearts are
 made of, that wil marry vnſledgd Boies, before comely thurib-
 chind Gentlemen.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Newes, newes newes,

1. What boye?

Boy. The Rioter is caught.

1. So, so, so, so, it warms me at the heart, I loue a life to see
 Dogs vpon men, oh here hee comes.

Enter Wit-good with Seruants.

Wit. My last ioy was so great it tooke away the sence of all
 future afflictions, what a day is here orecaſt? how soone a black
 tempest rises?

1. Oh wee may speake with you now fir, whats become of
 your rich widdow, I thinke you may cast your cap at the wid-
 dow, may you not fir.

2. He a rich widdow? who a prodigall, a dayly Rioter, and a
 nightly vomiter, he a widow of account? he a hole ith counter.

Wit. You doe well my maisters, to tiranize ouer misery, to af-
 flict the afflicted, tis a custome you haue here amongst you, I
 would wish you neuer leaue it and I hope youle do as I bid you

1. Come, come fir, what say you extempore now to your bill
 of a hundred pound: a sweet debt, for froating your doublets.

2. Here's mine of fifty, 1. Here's mine of fifty.

Wit. Pray firs, youle giue me Breath?

1. No fir, we'll keepe you out of breath still, then we shall
 be sure you will not run away from vs.

Wit. Will you but heere me speake?

2. You

A TRICK TO CATCH

2. You shall pardon vs for that fir, we know you haue too faire a teng of your owne, you ouer-came vs to lately, a shame take you, we are like to loose all that for want of witnesses, wee deal in policy then, alwaies when we strue to bee most politique we proue most coockcombs, *New plan vltra*, I perceiue by vs, were not ordaynde to thrine by wisdom, and therefore wee must be content to be Trades-men.

Wh. Giue me but reasonable time, and I protest Ile make you ample Satisfaction.

1. Do you talke of Reasonable time to vs?

Wis. Tis true, beasts know no reasonable time,

2. Wee must haue either mony or carcasse.

Wis. Alasse what good will my carcasse do you?

3. Oh tis a Secret delight we haue amongst vs, we that are vsde to keepe birds in cages, haue the heart to keepe men in prison, I warrant you.

Wis. I perceiue I must craue a litle more Ayde from my wits, do but make shift forme this once, and Ile forswear euer to trouble you in the like fashion hereafter, Ile haue better employment for you, and I liue. Youle giue me leaue my maisters to make Tryall of my friends and raise all meanes I can.

1. Thats our desires fir. *Enter Host.*

Host. Maister *Wis.*-good. *Wis.* Oh art thou come!

Host. May I speake one word with you in priuate fir?

Wis. No by my faith canst thou, I am in hell here and the Deuills will not let me Come to thee.

Co. Do you call vs diuills, you shall find vs Puritanes beare him away, let em talke as they go, we'le not stand to heare 'em, ah fir, am I a deuile, I shall thinke the better of my selfe as long as I liue, a Deuill ifaith. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hoord.

Ho. What a Sweet blessing hast thou Maister *Hoord* about a multitude, wilt thou neuer be thankful? how dost thou thinke to be blest another time? or dost thou count this the full measure of thy hapines by my troth I thinke thou doest not only a wise large in possessions, but spacious in content, she's rich, she's yong, she's sayre, she's wise, when I wake I thinke of her lands that reuines me, when I go to bed, I dreame of her beauty, and
thats

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thats ynough for me, she's worth 4. hundred a yeare in her very smock, if a man knewe how to vse it, but the iourney will bee all intoth into the Country, to ride to her Lands in state and order following my Brother & other worshipfull Gentlemen whose companies I ha sent downe for already, to ride along with vs, in their goodly *Dacorum* beards, their broad Veluet chafsocks, and chaines of gold twice or thrice double; against which time, ile entertaine some ten men of mine own, into Liueries, all of occupations or qualities, I will not keepe an idle man about mee, the sight of which wi'l so vex my Aduersary *Lucres*, for weeke passe by his dore of purpose, make a little stand for nonce, & haue our horses Curuet before the window, certainly he will neuer endure it, but run vp & hang himself presently? how now sirra? what newes? any that offer their seruice to me yet.

Ser. Yes sir, there are some ith hall, that waite for your worships liking, and desire to be entertaine.

Hoo. Are they of occupation?

Ser. They are men fit for your worship sir.

Hoor. Sayst so? send e'm all in!—to see ten men ride after mee in watchet liueries with Orange-tawny capes, twill cut his combe if sayth, how now? of what occupation are you sir.

Tayl. A Taylor, an't please your worship.

Enter All.

Hoor. A taylor, oh very good, you shall serue to make all the Liueries—what are you sir?

Bar. A Barber sir.

Hoor. A Barber very needefull, you shall shaue all the house, and if neede require stand for a Reaper ith Sommer time,—You sir?

Per. A Perfumet?

Hoo. I smelt you before, Perfumers of all men had neede carry themselves vprightly, for if they were once knaues they would be smelt out quickly,—to you sir?

Fawl. A Fawlkner an't please your worship—

Hoor. Sa ho, sa ho, sa ho—and you sir?

Han. A Huntsman sir.

Hoor. There boy, there boye, there boye? I am not so old but I haue pleasant daies to come, I promise you my Maisters I take such a good liking to you, that I entertaine you all, I put you already into my countenance, and you shall be shortly in my liuere? but especially you two my iolly Fawlkner, and my

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my bonny huntsman, wee shall have most neede of you at my
wifes Manner-house with Country, there's goodly parkes and
Champion-grounds for you, we shall have all our sports within
our selues, all the Gentlemen at Country shall bee beholding
to vs and our pastimes:

Paul: And weele make you worship admire sir:

Hoo: Sayst thou so? doe but make mee admire, and thou shalt
want for nothing, — my Taylor?

Tayl. Anon sir.

Hoo: Go presently in hand with the liversies.

Tayl. I will sir.

Hoo: My Barber,

Bar. Here sir.

Hoo: Make e'm all trim fellowes, lowse e'm well, especially my
huntsman, and cut all their beards of the Polonian fashion: my
perfumier:

Per: Vnder your nose sir.

Hoo: Cast a better fauour vpon the knaues, to take away the
sent of my Taylors scete, and my Barbers Lotium-water:

P.r: It shall be carefully perfoimdesir.

Hoo: But you my Faulkner and Huntsman, the welcomst men
aliue I sayth

Hunt: And weele show you, that sir, shall deserue your wor-
shippes fauour?

Hoo: I prethee show mee thar: goe you knaues all, and wash
your lungs ith Battery, go — byth masse, and well remembred,
ile aske my wife that question, wife, Mistris Ioue Hoord!

Enter Curtizan aliard in Apparell.

Curt: Sir? would you with me.

Hoo: I would but know sweet wife, which might stād best to thy
liking, to make the wedding dinner kept here or ith Country?!

Curt: Hum? faith sir twould like me better here, here you were
married, here let all rites be ended.

Hoo: Could a Marquesse giue a better answer? Hoord beare
thy head aloft, thou'lt a wife will aduance it, what haste comes
here now? yee a letter: some dregge of my Aduersaries malice:
come hether, whais the newes!

Hoo: A thing that concernes my Mistris sir.

Hoo: Why then it concernes me knaue?

Hoo: I and you knaue too, (cry yours worshippe mercy) you
are both like to come into trouble I promise you sir, a p^ract

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Hoo. How a prx contract sayst thou?

Hos. I feare they haue too much prooffe on't fir, old *Lurre* he runs mad vp and downe and will to lawe as fast as he can, yong *Wit-good* layde hold on by his creditors, hee exclaimes vpon you a tother side, saies you haue wrought his vndoing, by the in- iurious detayning of his contract. **Hoo.** Body a me!

Hos. He will haue vtmost satisfaction.
The lawe shall giue him recompence he saies.

Curr. Alasse his creditors so mercilesse, my state beeing yet vncertaine, I deeme it not vnconscionable to furdur him.

Hos. True fir —————

Hoo. Wife, what saies that letter let me construe it.

Curr. Curst be my rash and vnaduised words,
Ile set my foote vpon my tongue,
And tread my inconsiderate grant to dust. **Hoo.** Wife ———

Hos. A pretty shift yfaith, I commend a woman when shee can make away a letter from her husband handsomely, and this was cleanly done by my troth.

Curr. I did fir?
Some foolish words I must confesse did passe,
Which, now letigiously he fastens on me.

Hoo. Of what force? let me ezamine e'm.

Curr. Too strong I feare, would I were well free'd of him.

Hoo. Shall I compound?

Curr. No fir, ide haue it done some Nobler way
Of your side; ide haue you come off with honor,
Let basenesse keepe with them, why haue you not the meanes
fir the occasions offerd you.

Hoo. Where? how? deere wife.

Curr. Hee is now caught by his creditors, the slave's needie,
his debts petty, hee'le rather binde himselfe, to all inconueni-
eues then rot in pryson, by this onely meanes you may get a re-
lease from him, tis not yet come to his Vndes hearing, send
speedily for the creditors, by this time hee's desperate, hee'le set
his hand to any thing, take order for his debts, or discharge e'm
of his owne hand, lets be rid of a raskall.

Hoo. Excellent, thou dost astonish mee, go, runne, make hast,
bring

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bring both the creditors and Wit-good hether.

Hoo. This will be some reuenge yet.

Hoo. In the meane space he haue a release drawne, within there.

1. Sir.

Hoo. Sirrah, come take derictions, goe to my Scriuener.

Cur. Ime yet like those, whose riches lie in dreames,

If I be wakke the're false, such is my fate,

Who ventures deeper then the desperate state.

Though I haue find yet could I become new,

For where I once vow, I am euer true.

Hoo. Away, Dispatch, on my Displeasure, quickly, happy occasion, pray heauen hee bee in the right Vayne now to set his hand toot, that nothing alter him; grant that al his follyes may meete in him at once, to besot him inough.

I pray for him ifaith, and here he comes;

Wit. What would you with me now, my Vncles spitefull aduersary.

Hoo. Nay I am friends, Wit. I when your mischeifes spent.

Hoo. I heard you were arrested.

Wit. Wel, what then? you wil pay none of my debts I am sure.

Hoo. A wiseman cannot tell,

There may be those Conditions greed vpon,

May moue me to do much,

Wit. I when? Tis thou periured Woman, O no name

Hard inough to match thy trechery,

That art the cause of my confusion.

Cur. Out you penurious slave.

Hoo. Nay wife you are too forward,

Let him alone, giue loosers leaue to talke.

Wit. Shall I remember thee of an other promise far stronger then the first.

Cur. Ide faine knowe that.

Wit. T would call shame to thy cheeks. Cur. Shame.

Wit. Harke in your ear.---will hee come of thinkst thou, and pay my Debts roundly.

Cur. Doubt nothing, theres a Release a drawing and all to which you must set your hand. Wit. Excellent.

Cur. But mee thinkes ifaith you might haue made some

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shift to discharge this your selfe, hauing in the mortgage, and neuer haue burnd my conscience with it.

Wis. A my troth I could not, for my creditors cruelties extend to the present.

Curt. No more, -- why do your worst for that, I defie you.

Wis. Y'are impudent, ile call vp witnesses.

Curt. Call vp thy wits for thou hast beene deuoted to follies a long time.

Hoo. Wife, y'are too bitter? Maister *Wis-good*, and you my Maisters, you shal heare a milde speech come from me now, and this it is, tas beene my fortune, Gentlemen, to haue an extraordinary blessing powr'd vpon me alate, and here she stands, I haue wedded her and bedded her, & yet she is little the worse, some foolish wordes shee hath past to you in the Country, and some peeuish debts you owe here in the Citty, set the Hares head to the Goose--giblet, release you her of her words, and ile release you of your debts fir:

Wis. Would you so, I thanke you for that fir, I cannot blame you ifayth.

Hoo. Why are not debts better then words fir?

Wis. Are not words promises, and are not promises debts fir.

Hoo. He plaies at back-Racket with me.

1. Come hether Maister *Wis-good* come hether, be rulde by fooles once:

2. We are Cittizens and know what belong toote.

1. Take hold of his offer, pax on her, let her goe, if your debts were once discharg'd, I would helpe you to a widdow my selfe worth ten of her.

3. Masse partner and now you remember mee on't, there's Maister Mulgraues sister newly salne a widdow.

1. Cuds mee, as pat as can be, there's a widdow left for you, ten thousand in mony, beside Plate, Jewells *et cetera*. I warrant it a match, wee can do all in all with her, prethee dispatch weele carry thee to her presently.

Wis. My Vncle wil nere endure me, when he shall heare I set my hand to a release:

2. Harke, ile tell thee a *Trick* for that, I haue spent five hundred pound in suites in my time, I should be wise, thou'rt now a

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prisoner, make a release, take of my worde, whatsoeuer a man makes as long as he is in durance, tis nothing in lawe, not thus much.

Wis. Say you so sir?

3. I haue payde for't I know't.

Wis. Proceede then, I consent.

3. Why wel sayde:

Hoo. How now my Maisters, what haue you done with him?

1. With much a doe sir, we haue got him to consent.

Hoo. Ah--a--a,--and what came his debts to now?

1. Some eight score o' pounds sir.

Hoo. Nau, nau, nau, nau, naw, tell me the second time, giue me a lighter somme, they are but desperate debts you know, neede cald in but vpon such an accident, a poore needy knaue hee would starue and rot in prison, come, come, you shall haue ten shillings in the pound and the somme downe to indly---

1. You must make it a marke sir, -----

Hoo. Go too then, tell your mony in the meane time, you shall finde little lesse there,--come Maister *Wis-good* you are so vnwilling to do your selfe good now, welcome honest Scriuener, now you shall heare the release read, -----

Scri. Be it known, to al men by these presents, that I *Theodorus Wis-good*, Gentleman, sole Nephew to *P. cunningus Lucres*, hauing vniuallly made title and claime, to one *Iane Medler*, late widdow of *Anthony Medler*, and now wife to *Walkadine Hoord*, in consideration of a competent som of mony to discharge my debts, do for euer hereafter disclaime any title, right, estate, or interest in or to the sayd widdow late in the occupation of the sayd *Anthony Medler*, and now in the occupation of *Walkadine Hoord*, as also neither to laye claime, by vertue of any for ner contract, grant, promise or demise, to any of her Mannor, Mannorhouses, Parkes, Groues, Meadow-grounds, arable lands, Barnes, stacks, Stables, Doue-holes, and Cunny-borrowes, together with al her cattell, moneey, plate, iewells, borders, chaines, bracelets, furnitures, hangings, moucables, or in mouerables, in wittnesse whereof I the sayd *Theodorus Wis-good*, haue enterchangeably set to my hand and seale before these presents, the daie, & date aboue written.

Wis. What a pretious fortune hast thou slip't here like a beast as thou art?

Hoo. Come, vnwilling heart come.

Wis.

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Wit. well Maister Hoord, giue me the pen, I see
Tis vaine to quarrell with our destiny.

Hoo. Oh as vaine a thing as can bee, you cannot commit a
greater absurdity fir, --so, so, giue mee that hand now, before al
these presents I am friends for euer with thee.

Wit. Troth, and it were pity of my heart now, if I should
beare you any grudge yfaith.

Hoo. Content, ile send for thy Vncle against the wedding
dinner, we will be friends once agen.

Wit. I hope to bring it to passe my selfe fir?

Hoo. How now? ist right my masters?

1. Tis something wanting fir, yet it shall be sufficient.

Hoo. Why well sayd, a good conscience makes a fine showe
now a daies, come my Maisters you shall all--tast of my wine
ere you depart:

All. We follow you fir?

Wit. Ile try these fellowes now, --a word fir, what will you
carry me to that widdow now?

1. Why do you thinke we were in earnest yfaith? carry you to
a rich widdow, wee should get much credit by that; a noted
Rioter, a contemptible prodigall, twas a *Trick* we haue amongst
vs, to get in our mony, fare you well fir.

Exeunt.

Wit. Farewell and be hangd, you short-pig-hayrde Ram-head-
ed raskalls, he that beleeuues in you, shall nere be sau'd I warrant
him, by this new league, I shall haue some accesle vnto
my loue

She is above.

Nere. Maister Wit-good?

Wit. My life.

Nere. Meete me presently, that note directs you, I would not
be suspected, our happinesse attends vs, farewell?

Exeunt.

Wit. A words ynough.

Dampis the Vsurer in his bed, *Andry*
spinning by.

Song. Let the Vsurer cram him, in interest that excell,
There's pits enow to dam him, before he comes to hell.

In Holborn, some: in Fleete-street some,

U'where ere he come, there's some there's some.

Dam. Trabe, trabeto, drawe the Curtaine, giue mee a sippe of
Sack more.

Enter Gentlemen.

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Lamp. Looke you, did not I tell you he lay like the deuill in chaines, when he was bound for a thousand yeare.

Spich. But I thinke the deuill had no Steele Bedstaffes, he goes beyond him for that.

Lamp. Nay doe but marke the conceite of his drincking, one must wipe his mouth for him with a muckinder, do'you see fir.

Spich. Is this the sick trampler, why he is onely bed-red with

Lamp. True fir, he spies vs. (drincking.

Dam: What? fir Tristram? you come and see a weake man here, a very weake man, ———

Lamp. If you be weake in body, you should be strong in prayer fir.

Dam: Oh, I haue pray'd too much poore man.

Lamp. There's a tast of his soule for you.

Spich. Fah, loathsome?

Lamp. I come to borrow a hundred pound of you fir.

Dam: Alasse you come at an ill time, I cannot spare it if sayth, I ha but two thousand ith house. *And.* Ha, ha, ha.

Damp: Out you gernatiue queane, the mullipoop of villany, the Spinner of concupiscency. *Enter other Gentleman.*

Lan. Yee gentlemen are you here before vs? how is hee now?

Lamp. Faith the same man still, the Tauerne bitch has bit him ith head.

Lan: Wee shall haue the better sport with him, peace, and how cheeres Maister *Dampit* now?

Dam: Oh, my bosome fir *Lancelet*, how cheere I? thy presence is restorative: (among gallants,

Lan: But I heare a great complaint of you Maister *Dampit*,

Dam: I am glad of that if sayth; —prethee what?

Lan: They say you are waxte proud alate, and if a friend visit you in the after-noone, you'le scarce know him.

Dam. Fie, fie, proud? I cannot remember any such thing, sure I was drunck then. *Lan:* Thinke you so fir?

Dam: There twas if sayth, nothing but the pride of the Sack and so certifie e'm, fetch Sack firrah.

Boy. A vengeance Sack you once.

And. Why Maister *Dampit* if you hold on as you begin, and lie a little longer, you neede not take care how to dispose your wealth, you'le make the Vintner your heire.

Dam.

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Damp. Out you babliaminy, you vnfetherd crenitoryed queane, you cullisance of scabiosity.

And Good words Maister *Dampit*, to speake before a maide and a virgin.

Dam. Hang thy virginity, vpon the pole of carnality.

And. Sweete tearmes, my Mistris shall know e'm.

Lam. Note but the misery of this vsuring slaue, here hee lies like a noysome dunghill, full of the poyson of his drunken blasphemies, and they to whome he bequeathes all, grudge him the very meate that feedes him, the very pillow that eases him, here may a vsurer behold his end, what profits it to be a slaue in this world, and a deuil ith next.

Damp. Sir *Lancelot*? let me busse thee fir *Lancelot*, thou art the onely friend that I honor and respect.

Lan. I thanke you for that Maister *Dampit*.

Dam. Farewell my bosome fir *Lancelot*.

Lan. Gentlemen, and you loue mee, let mee step behinde you, and one of you fall a talking of me to him.

Lamp. Content—Maister *Dampit*. *Dam.* So fir.

Lamp. Here came fir *Lancelot* to see you e'en now.

Dam. Hang him raskall. *Lam.* Who fir *Lancelot*.

Dam. Pythagoricall raskall. *Lam.* Pythagorical?

Dam. I he changes his cloake when he meetes a Sergiant.

Lan. What a rogues this?

Lam. I wonder you can raile at him fir, he comes in loue to see you.

Dam. A louse for his loue, his father was a Combe-maker, I haue no neede of his crawling loue, hee comes to haue longer day, the superlatiue raskall:

Lan. Sfoote I can no longer endure the rogue, Maister *Dampit*, I come to take my leaue once agen fir?

Dam. Who? my deere and kinde Sir *Lancelot*? the onely Gentleman of England, let me hug thee, farewell and a thousand.

Lam. Composde of wrongs and slauish flatteries.

Lan. Nay Gentlemen, he shall show you more *Tricks* yet, ile giue you another tast of him: *Lam.* I't possible?

Lan. His memory is vpon departing.

Dam. Another cup of Sack.

Lan.

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Law. Maſſe then twill be quite gon: before he drinke that, tell him theres a cuntry cliēt come vp, and here attends for his Learned aduice, *Law.* Inough.

Dam. One Cup more, and then let the Bell toale, I hope I ſhall be weake inough by that time.

Law. Maiſter *Dampis.* *Dam.* Is the Sack ſpouting.

Law. Tis coming forward ſir, — heres a countryman a cli-
ent of yours, waytes for your deepe and profound aduice ſir.

Dam. A cockſcombry? where is he? let him approach, ſet me
vp a pegge higher.

Law. You muſt draw nere ſir.

Dam. Now good-man ſooleaminy, what ſay you to me now

Law. Pleaſe your good worſhip, I am a poore man ſir, —

Dam. What make you in my Chamber then?

Law. I would entreate your worſhips deuice in a iuſt and
honeſt cauſe ſir, —

Dam. I meddle with no ſuch matters, I refer e'm, to Maiſter
No-mans Office.

Law. I had but one houſe left me in all the world ſir which
was my fathers, my Grand-fathers, my great Grandfathers, and
now a Villaine has vniuſtly wrung me out, and tooke poſſeſſi-
on ont.

Dam. Has he ſuch feates? thy beſt courſe is to bring thy *elec-
tions firme*, and in Seauen yeare thou mayſt ſhoue him out by
the Law.

Law. Alasſe, ant pleaſe your worſhip, I haue ſmall friends and
leſſe mony.

Dam. Hoyda, this geere will ſadge well, haſt no money, why
then my aduice is thou muſt ſet fire ath houſe & ſo get him out.

Law. That will breake ſtrife indeed,

Law. I thanke your worſhip for your hot Counſell ſir, — —
altring but my voyce alitle, you ſee he knew me not, you may
obſerue by this that a drunkards memory, holds longer in the
voyce then in the perſon, but Gentlemen ſhall I ſhow you a
ſight, behold the litle diue-dapper of Damnation, *Gulſe* the
vſurer, for hiſtime worſe then tother. *Enter Hoord with Gulſe.*

Law. What's he comes with him?

Law. Why *Hoord*, that married lately the widdowe medler.

Law.

THE OLD ONE.

Lan. Oh, I cry you mercy fir.

Hoo. Now gentlemen visitants? how doe maister *Dampit*?

Lan. faith here hee lies e'n drawing—in fir; good canary as fast as hee can fir, a very weake creature truely, hee is almost past memory.

Hoo. Fie Maister *Dampit*; you lie lazing a bed here, and I come to enuite you to my wedding dinner, vp, vp, vp.

Dam. Whose this maister *Hoord*? who hast thou married in the name of foolery. **Hoo.** A rich widdow.

Dam. A Duch widdow.

Hoo. A ritch widdow, —one widdow medler.

Dam. Medler she keepes open house.

Hoo. She did I can tell you in her tother husbands dayes, open house for all comers, horse and man was welcome, and Roome inough for em all.

Dam. Theres to much for thee then, thou mayst let out some to thy Neighbours.

Gul. What? hung a liue in chaynes O Spectacle, bed staffs of Steele, *O monstrum, horrendum, Informe, Ingens cui Lumen ademptum*, O *Dampit*, *Dampit*, heres a Iust iudgment, showne vpon vsury, extortion, and trampling Villany.

Lan. This exlent, theese rayles vpon the Theefe.

Gul. Is this the end of cutthroate Vsury, Brothell, and blasphemy? now maist thou see what Race a Vsurer runnes.

Dam. Why thou Rogue of vniuersality, do not I know thee? thy Sound is like the cuckowe, the welch Embassador, thou cowardly slaue that offers to fight with a sicke man when his weapons downe: rayle vpon me in my naked bed? why thou great Lucifers lide vicar, I am not so weake but I know a knaue at first sight, thou Inconscionable Raskall, thou that goest vpon middlesex Iuryes, and will make hast to giue vp thy verdit, because thou wilt not loose thy dinner, are you answered?

Gul. Ant twere not for shame. —

drawes his dagger.

Dam. Thou wouldst be hangd then.

Lan. Nay you must exercise patience Maister *Gulfe*, alwayes in a sick-mans Chamber.

Lan. Heele quarrell with none I warrant you, but those that are bedred.

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Don. Let him come Gentlemen, I am arm'd, reach my cloffe
stooke hether.

Ben. Here wilbe a sweet fraile anon, Ile leave you gentlemen.

Law. Nay wel'e a long with you, Maister *Gulfe*.

Gul. Hang him vsuring raskall.

Law. Push, set your Strengths to his, your wit to his.

And. Pray Gentlemen depart, his howers come vpon him,
leepe in my bosome, sleepe.

Law. Nay we haue inough of him ifaith, keepe him for the
house. ————— Now make your best.

For thrice his wealth, I would not haue his brest.

Gul. A litle thing would make me bear him, now he's asleep.

Law. Masse then twilbe a pittifull day when he wakes,
I would be loath to see that day, come.

Lat. You ouer-rule me gentlemen ifaith.

Exeunt.

ACTVS. 5.

Enter Lucre and Wit-good.

Wit. Nay vncle, let me preuayle with you so much,
ifaith go, now he has enuited you. (the widdow.

Luc. I shall haue great ioy there, when he has borne away.

Wit. Why la, I thought where I should find you presently;
Vncle, a my troth, tis nothing so.

Luc. Whats nothing so fir, is not he married to the widdow.

Wit. No by my troth is he not Vncle. *Luc.* How?

Wit. Will you haue the truth ont, he is married to a whore
ifaith. *Luc.* I should laugh at that.

Wit. Vncle, let me perish in your fauour if you find it not so
and that tis I that haue married the honest woman.

Luc. Ha? Ide walke ten mile a foot to see that ifaith.

Wit. And see'te you shall, or Ile nere see you agen.

Luc. A Queane ifaith? ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

*Enter Hoord tasting wine the Host following
in a Livery cloake.*

Ho. Pup, pup, pup, pup, I like not this wine, is there neuer a
better Teirs in the house. (England.

Host. Yes fir, there are as good Teirs in the house, as any are in

Ho. Desire your mistis you know, to tast e'm all ouer, then
has better Skill.

Host.

THE OLD ONE.

Hos. Has she so, the better for her, and the worse for you. *Exit.*

Ho. *Arthur*, is the cupbard of plate set out, *Ar.* Al's in order sir.

Hos. I am in love with my Liueries every time I thinke on
e'm, they make a gallant show by my troth. ——— Neece,

Nec. Do you call sir?

Hos. Prethee show a litle diligence, and ouer-looke the
knaues a litle, theile filch and steale to day and send whole par-
ties home to their wiues, and thou bee'st a good Neece, do not
see me purloyned.

Nec. Feare it not sir, I haue cause, tho the feast bee prepared
for you, yet it serues fit for my wedding dinner too.

Enter two gentlemen.

Hos. Maister *Lamprey*, and Maister *Spiceweake* two the most
welcome gentlemen aliue, your fathers and mine were all free
ath Fishmongers.

Lam. They were indeed sir, you see bould guesstes sir, soone (intreated

Hos. And thats best sir — how now firrah?

Ser. Ther's a coach come to'th doore sir.

Hos. My Ladie *Faxeftons* a my life. Mistris *Jane Hoord*, wife,
massetis her Ladyship indeed, Madame you are welcome to
an vnfurnisht house, dearth of cheere, scarcity of attendance.

Lad. You are pleas'd to make the worst sir.

Hos. Wife. **Lad.** Is this your Bride.

Hos. Yes Maddam salute my Lady *Faxeftons*.

Car. Please you Madam a while to tast the ayre in the garden?

Lad. I will please vs well.

Exeunt.

Hos. Who would not wed; the most delicious life,
No loyes are like the comforts of a wife.

Lam. So we bachilers thinke that are not troubled with them

Ser. Your worships brother with an other ancient Gentle-
man, are newly allighted Sir.

Hos. Maister *Onosphorus Hoord*, why now our company be-
gins to come in: my deere and kind brother welcome ifaith.

Ony. You see we are men at an hower brother.

Hos. I, Ile say that for you brother you keepe as good an
hower to come to a feast, as any Gentleman in the Sheere,
what ould Maister *Lambert* and Maister *Kirk*, doe we meete
ifaith Iolly Gentlemen?

STRICK TO CATCH

Lim. We hope you lack guesse sir?

Hoo. Oh welcome, welcome, wee lack still such guesse as your worships.

Ony. Ah firrah brother, haue you catcht vp widdow Medler.

Hoo. From e'm all brother, and I may tell you, I had mighty enemies, those that stuck sore, old *Laere* is a sore soxe I can tell you brother.

On. Where is she, ile go seeke her out, I long to haue a smack at her lips,

Hoo. And most wishfully brother see where she comes, giue her a smerck now we may heare it all the house ouer.

Cur. Oh heauen, I am betrayde, I know. *Both turne back,*
that face.

Hoo. Ha, ha, ha, why how now? are you both a shamed? come Gentlemen, wee leooke another way---

Ony. Nay Brother, harke you, come y' are disposde to be merrie?
Hoo. Why do we meete else man?

Ony. That's another matter, I was nere so fread in my life but that you had beene in earnest. **Hoo.** How meane you brother?

On. You sayd she was your wife?

Hoo. Did I so? by my troth and so she is.

On. By your troth Brother?

Hoo. What reason haue I to dissemble with my friends, brother, if marriage can make her mine, she is mine? why?

On. Troth I am not well of a suddaine? I must craue pardon brother, I came to see you, but I cannot stay dinner yfaith.

Hoo. I hope you will not serue mee so brother.

Lim. By your leaue Maister *Hoo.*

Hoo. What now? what now? pray Gentlemen, you were wont to show your selues wisemen.

Lim. But you haue showne your folly too much here.

Hoo. How?

Kir. Fie, fie, a man of your repute and name,
Youle feast your friends but cloye e'm first with shame.

Hoo. This growes too deepe pray let vs reach the lence.

Law. In your old age deate on a Curtizan--- **Hoo.** Ha?

Kir. Murty a Strampet? **Hoo.** Gentlemen!

Ony. And *Wit-goods* queane? **Hoo.** Oh, nor Lands, nor liuing?

Ony.

THE OLD ONE.

Ony. Liuing?

Her. Speaker?

Cur. Alasse you know at first fir,
I told you I had nothing:

Hoo. Out, out, I am cheated, infinitely couzned.

Lim. Nay Master Hoord: Enter Wit-good, and Lucre.

Hoo. A durtch widdow, a durtch widdow, a durtch widdow:

Luc. Why Nephew shall I trace thee still a lier? wilt make mee
mad, is not yon thing the widdow.

Wit. Why la, you are so hard a beleefe Vncle, by my troth
she's a whore. Lu: Then thou'rt a knaue:

Wit. *Negatur Argumentum* Vncle.

Luc. *Probo tibi*, Nephew:

Hee that knowes a woman to bee a queane must needes bee a
knaue, thou sayst thou knowst her to bee one, *ergo* if shee bee a
queane thou'rt a knaue:

Wit. *Negatur, sequela maioris*, Vncle, hee that knowes a wo-
man to be a queane, must needes be a knaue, I deny that.

Hoo. Lucre, and Wit-good, y'are both villaines, get you out of
my house:

Lu. Why didst not inuite me to thy wedding dinner?

Wit. And are not you and I sworne perpetuall friends before
wittnesse fir, and were both drunck vpon't.

Hoo. Daintily abuse y'ae put a lunt vpon me:

Lu. Ha, ha, ha:

Hoo. A common strumpet?

Wit. Nay now you wrong her fir, if I were shee ide haue the
lawe on you for that, I durst depose for her, shee nere had com-
mon vse, nor common thought.

Cur. Despise me, publish me, I am your wife,
What shame can I haue now but youle haue part,
If in disgrace you share, I sought not you:

You pursued me, nay forc't me,

Had I friends would follow it,

Lesse then your action has beene prou'd a rape.

Ony. Brother?

Cur. Nor did I euer boast of lands vnto you,
Money or goods: I tooke a playner course:

And told you true ide nothing,

If error were committed twas by you.

A TRICK TO CATCH

thanke your owne folly, nor has my sinne beene so odious but
worse has bin for giuen, nor am I so deformed but I may challing
the vtmost power of any old mans loue, shee that taste not sin
before, twenty to one but sheele tast it after: most of you ould
men are content to marry yong Virgins and take that which
followes, where marrying one of vs, you both saue a sinner, and
we quit from a cuckold for euer,

“And more in breife let this your best thoughts winne,

“She that knowes sinne, knowes best how to hate sinne.

Hee. Curst be all Malice, blacke are the fruites of spite,

And poyson first their owners. O my friends,

I must embrace shame, to be rid of shame,

Conceald disgrace preuents a publick name.

Ah Wis-good, ah Theodorus,

Wit. Alasse sir, I was prick, t in conscience to see her well
bestowd, and where could I bestowe her beter then vpon your
pittifull worship: excepting but my selfe, I dare sweare shees a
Virgin, and now by marrying your Neece I haue banisht my
selfe for euer from her, she's mine Aunt now by my faith, and
theres no Medling with mine Aunt you know, a sinne against
my Nuncle.

Cur: Lo, Gentlemen, before you all,

In true reclaymed forme I fall,

Hence-forth for euer I desie,

The Glances of a sinnefull eye,

Wauing of Fans, which some suppose,

Tricks of Fancy, Treading of Toes,

Wringing of Fingers, byting the Lip,

The wanton gate th' alluring Trip,

All secret friends and priuate meetings,

Close borne letters, and Baudes greetings,

Fayning excuse to weomens Labours,

When we are sent for to th next Neighbours,

Taking false Phisicke, and nere start,

To be let blood, tho signe be at heart,

Remouing chambers, shifting beds,

To welcome Friends in husbands steads,

Them to enioy, and you to marry,

They

THE OLD ONE.

They first serud, while you must tarry,
They to spend and you to gather,
They to get and you to father,
These and thousand thousand more,
New reclaymed I now abhor.

¶ *Ln:* A, heres a lesson Rioter for you.
¶ *Wit:* I must confesse my follyes, Ile downe to,
And Here for euer I disclaime,
The cause of youths vndooing. Gamet
Cheisly dice, those true outlanders,
That shake out Beggars, Theeues and Panders,
Soule wasting Surfets, sinfull Riotts,
Queanes Euills, Doctors diets,
Pothecaries Drugs, Surgeons Glisters,
Stabbing of armes for a common Mistis,
Riband fauours, Ribauld Speeches,
Deere perfume Lacketts, pennyleffe breeches,
Dutch Flapdragons, healths in Vrine,
Drabs that keepe a man to sure in:
I do desie you all.
Lend me each honest hand, for here I rise,
A reclaymed man loathing the generall vice.

Heer. So, so, all friends, the wedding dinner cooles,
Who seeme most crafty proues oft times most fooler.

FINIS.



